Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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EUROPE AT ARMAGEDDON

BY THE EDITOR

"And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them."

EUROPE stands to-day at Armageddon. On every hand its proud peoples are rising in their virile strength and are rushing with earth-shaking tread to that frightful holocaust which may check our civilization: giants grappling to the death in a modern "Twilight of the Gods." For forty years old Europe has known no war, and in those years its ambitious sons have labored without ceasing to the conquest of the world. No province of the material or mental realms but has felt their devouring energy. The semi-rural Europe of a scant three generations ago has been transformed as by an enchanter's wand into a swarming hive of industry vibrating to the hum of its machines, its sky-lines blurred by the smoke of its countless factories, its wrinkled face everywhere blotched and speckled by a myriad of towns and cities spreading like huge fungi over the green meadows and fields. Deep into its vitals Europe's sons have delved for the coal and iron to feed their roaring furnaces; deep into the unexplored regions of science its savants and inventors have plunged to wring from brute matter its secret hoards. Further, Europe's narrow boundaries have not

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sufficed a moment for the insatiable appetites of its children, and from the broad quays of its busy ports numberless merchantmen have sailed forth to scour the seas for markets and have returned laden with the produce of the Orient and the New World. No quarter of the earth has been too barbarous or remote to escape the ambition of its colonists, and every unclaimed region of the globe has long since been pre-empted for one or other of its rival flags. Africa and the far-off archipelagoes of the Pacific are wholly under European sway. Only the extreme Orient has succeeded in guarding its political identity, while Latin America, though maintaining its freedom, has become one of the richest fields for European economic exploitation. To outward seeming Europe has become the master of the world.

Yet beneath this fair exterior of power and glory a canker has long eaten into Europe's very heart—the canker of jealousy and internecine hatred, which threatens to put all in jeopardy and which menaces its warring children with a sudden fall to the dead level of a common ruin. Europe has long been sick—perhaps sick unto death. The forty years' peace has been no peace, only a feverish truce wherein national rivalries and racial hatreds have intensified and deepened until the day of reckoning was bound to come. That mad piling up of fleet upon fleet and army upon army against which so much rhetoric has been expended these later years has been but the most striking symptom of a disease curable only by a fundamental change in the European state of mind, a malady which no machinery of arbitration could reach—only the conversion of the European soul.

And of late this disease has plainly been growing worse. Four times in the last nine years Europe's feverish frame has been racked by an acute crisis portending the inevitable end. "1905," "1908," "1911," "1912": the crises have been becoming more frequent, more violent, more general. It really could not have gone on much longer. Therefore it is not at all surprising that the little war on the middle Danube should have sent all Europe forthwith into the supreme convulsion; the miracle would have been had it been put off another year. Consider all those raucous notes which have long since transformed into a hideous cacaphony the boasted "Concert" of Europe:—hatred of Germany festering in every

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French heart, with the wild thirst for vengeance for 1870, "The Terrible Year," and fixed resolve to win back the lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine; fear and hatred in English breasts for that Germany successfully competing for the markets of the world and openly challenging Britain's lordship of the sea; hatred of England in German hearts for Anglo-Saxon pre-emption of the good things of this world and veto upon Germany's strivings for a "place in the sun"; reckless stirrings of young Italy, fired with dreams of Imperial Rome; fresh crises of the eternal Eastern Question convulsing the Balkans with ferocious grapplings of half-barbarian peoples; worst of all, throughout Central Europe, recrudescence of the age-long struggle between Teuton and Slav. Here alone is fuel heaped high for a mighty conflagration, even disregarding entirely the brands blown from external points of friction in Morocco, on the Congo, at Bagdad, in Persia, in China, and over every debatable economic area of the four quarters of the earth.

Well, the great conflagration has come at last, and to-day all Europe is wrapped in flames. With what frightful swiftness the little spark upon the middle Danube has flashed the huge tinder-box of an entire continent and set alight a dozen by-fires in Africa, Asia, and the Far-Eastern seas! Think of it! Only a short month ago the world was settling down to its midsummer siesta, wholly unconscious of impending ill. Kings and Presidents were off yachting or paying party calls, diplomats were "taking the waters" after the winter's gastronomic campaign, the people at large were making ready for their summer outings on seashore and mountain, while the annual stream of American tourists was fully under way. Suddenly a cloud appeared on the southern horizon, a cloud at first no bigger than a man's hand, but swiftly covering the entire heavens and wrapping the earth in darkness, shot only by lurid lightnings. Then what a change came over the face of Europe! Its several peoples, steeled from their cradles to this very eventuality, sprang to arms, each man in the place marked out for him in his young manhood, made ready for the grim work by years of training beneath his country's flag. Smoothly and silently the well-oiled machinery of mobilization has set the stage, and the myriad players are already acting their respective parts in "Europe in Arms"—the greatest tragedy of all recorded history.

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Imagine the spectacle of Europe at this very hour. Gone are the multitudes of pleasure-seekers from their summer haunts; the sea-beaches are deserted, the shuttered villas and empty hotels await their possible destruction by the war-craft whose smoke trails black along the ocean horizon. Gone are the tourists and trampers from the Swiss mountains; these picturesque slopes are to-day scaled by a sterner breed of climbers—the blue-clad Swiss riflemen with their mountain batteries, prepared to defend at all costs the neutrality of their beloved country. In the gorgeous casinos of a hundred summer resorts card-room and concert-hall alike stand empty, while the valetudinarians have fled their favorite "Spas" and "Kurorts," forgetting their physical ailments in the overpowering grip of the universal moral ill.

And if pleasure's realm be thus paralyzed, the workaday world is in almost as sore straits. The fields are yellowing with the harvest, but the sturdy reapers are gone and this year's grain must be garnered by weeping women, wide-eyed children, and men already bowed beneath the accumulated weight of years. The steel-works and arsenals are, it is true, busy enough—busier than they have ever been before, and pulsating with feverish energy both day and night; but elsewhere the wheels of industry have almost ceased to turn, for the best workers are gone and there is no work for those left behind—the nation's coal-supply must be hoarded for the arsenals, the gun-foundries, and the fleets. In Europe's great cities stores are closing, business offices are shutting, Bourse and Exchange are down. Idle crowds cheer the regiments marching to the railway stations, or hang feverishly about the bulletin-boards, hungry for tidings of victory. Furthermore, a very real domestic peril threatens many of these cities. That same lack of coal which has already closed the factories will presently shut down the municipal lighting-plants as well. The cities will soon be dark at night, and with a police force depleted of its best men the "apache" and the hooligan, insensible to patriotism, will swarm forth with darkness to their vermin's work.

But even though partial paralysis has settled upon the realms of industry and pleasure, other branches of human activity are pulsating with hectic life. Every railroad line is working to its full capacity. The first wave of young

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reservists has, it is true, already passed, but the long troop-trains still coil along the valleys or grind across the plains, for the barracks are beginning to fill with "Landwehr"—second reservists brushing up their half-forgotten military duties and making ready to support the field armies already melting beneath the wastage of war. Perhaps before very long, should the tide set strongly against one or other of the combatants, still other troop-trains will traverse the endangered lands—trains filled with grizzled "Landsturm" answering their country's last call.

Troop-trains, however, are but one of the components to the vast masses of rolling-stock which overflow into every railway yard and siding. The fighting millions at the front must not only be reinforced, but must be fed, supplied, and munitioned as well. Wherefore, countless freight-trains of box-cars filled with foodstuffs and equipment, cattle-cars with cavalry remounts, flat-cars piled high with bulky, tarpaulined artillery. Also, as one nears the hostile frontiers, the roads vie with the railways in their press of feverish life. The broad, beautiful European highways are jammed with a swift-flowing human tide—endless infantry marching to right and left, cavalry, gun-batteries, and traction-engine trains clattering and grumbling along the middle of the road; the byways choked with grain-carts and with herds of cattle for the feeding of the armies. Think of the thousands of miles of road and railway bearing such scenes, in the smiling border country of Germany and France, amid the wooded Ardennes, on the flatlands of Austrian Galicia and Eastern Germany, through the rugged defiles of the Carpathians, along the middle Danube, and far out on the vast Russian plains, and we may then form some conception of this stupendous spectacle of Europe going forth to war.

Furthermore, this is but half the tale. Europe has long since overflowed its bounds, and its conflagration has accordingly spread to every European sphere of influence in its colonies or on the sea. At the uttermost ends of the earth men prepare to-day for the fight. On the plains of western Canada, on the South-African veldt, in the towns and villages of the Australian antipodes, volunteers are mustering for transportation to European battle-fields. On the bastions of Tsing-Tau sweating Chinese coolies are strengthening the lonely German outpost in the East. Amid

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the fever-haunted swamps and jungles of Africa savage negroes who by no possibility could ever have heard tell of Servia or Alsace-Lorraine stand ready to fight the white man's internecine war.

The pathways of the ocean likewise present a strange and ominous spectacle. A short month ago they were crowded with shipping; now they are almost deserted. A few neutral steamers keep to the accustomed track, but all belligerent shipping not safely tied up in port scatters for the lonelier reaches of the ocean, rushing along under forced draught with hooded lights at night, ever fearful of the swift commerce-destroyers ranging the seas for prey. No friendly chit-chat flies from ship to ship as but a month ago; only some rare code message breaks, mysterious, menacing, upon the silence of the wireless operator's room. The ocean has, indeed, become very lonely now.

However, one part of ocean's broad domain is the reverse of lonely at the present moment. The North Sea is very much alive, though with a life monstrous and terrible almost beyond the stretch of our imaginative powers. On this restricted bit of boisterous sea float hundreds upon hundreds of complex fighting-machines, ranging in size from the huge super-Dreadnought to the waspish torpedo-boat and the venomous submarine. The angry, gray-green waters are sown thick with deadly mines, ready at the slightest touch to burst into frightful explosion. The low coasts are studded with German big-gun batteries from Borkum near the Dutch frontier to the Danish border beyond the mouth of the vital Kiel Canal, while far out at sea stands Heligoland, a German Gibraltar, ready to smite with its long-range batteries or sting with submarines shot out from its hidden caves. Strange sounds reach the straining ears of landsmen on these North Sea shores—dull booming of heavy guns, muffled concussion of torpedo or contact-mine. At night the flickering play of searchlights on the horizon. For the rest, silence and mystery.

From the land-areas of war the same lack of news. Behind the impenetrable veil of censorship millions of men are wrestling in the death-grapple, but only curt official announcements, ambiguous when not intentionally deceiving, whet the appetites of a breathless world tormented by the wild lucubrations of " war correspondents " far from the outermost fringe of actual hostilities. Only the trains of

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wounded and the convoys of prisoners bear eloquent testimony to the titanic struggles going on behind the veil:—crashing duels of fortress and siege artillery, desperate infantry assaults strewing glacis and counterscarp with dead and dying, captured forts blown bodily into the air, fierce cavalry charges, hand-to-hand combats in forest and on mountain-side, crouching battle-lines torn and harried by raining shrapnel. High over all the silver glint of a war Zeppelin or the swift dart of a monoplane showing like a black vampire amid the evening mists against the western sky. This—and the prophecy of a leading army surgeon in the late Balkan wars that a month after the outbreak of the present conflagration a million and a half of men would be dead.

"For there fell down many slain, because the war was of God." A holy war! the kings, the divinely appointed kings, proclaim.

"And now," says the Kaiser from his balcony to the people in the street, "I commend you to God; go to your church and kneel before God and pray for help for our gallant army."

"We, Nicholas II., by God's Grace Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias," the Czar responds.

"With God's help," echoes Francis Joseph.

Even the Poet Laureate sings:

> It is God's answer. Though for many a year
> This land forgot the faith that made her great,
> Now, as her fleets cast off the North Sea foam,
> Casting aside all faction and all fear,
> Thrice armed in all the majesty of her fate,
> Britain remembers, and her sword strikes home.

All in the name of the Lord! But the reckoning! Our own Scollard asks:

> What do they reck who sit aloof on thrones,
> Or in the chambered chancelleries apart,
> Playing the game of state with subtle art,
> If so be they may win, what wretched groans
> Rise from red fields, what unrecorded bones
> Bleach within shallow graves, what bitter smart
> Pierces the widowed or the orphaned heart—
> The unhooded horror for which naught atones!
>
> A word, a pen-stroke, and this might not be!
> But vengeance, power-lust, festering jealousy

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Triumph, and grim carnage stalks abroad.
Hark! Hear that ominous bugle on the wind!
And they who might have stayed it, shall they find
No reckoning within the courts of God?

If the minds and hearts of humans comprise "the courts of God," there need be no doubt that full penalty will be exacted; but cautiously and with surety of understanding. Was it within the power of man to stay the cataclysm? Was not the crash inevitable? Could Wilhelm have averted it? Or Nicholas? Each accuses the other. Both seek exculpation from America. What have they to say? The Czar speaks through his letter to King George:

I would gladly have accepted your proposals [of mediation] had not the German Ambassador this afternoon presented a note to my Government declaring war. Ever since the presentation of the ultimatum at Belgrade, Russia has devoted all her efforts to finding some pacific solution of the question raised by Austria's action. The object of that action was to crush Servia and make her a vassal of Austria. The effect of this would have been to upset the balance of power in the Balkans, which is of such vital interest to my empire.

Every proposal, including that of your Government, was rejected by Germany and Austria, and it was only when the favorable moment for bringing pressure to bear on Austria had passed that Germany showed any disposition to mediate. Even then she did not put forward any precise proposal. Austria's declaration of war on Servia forced me to order a partial mobilization, though, in view of the threatening situation, my military advisers strongly advised a general mobilization, owing to the quickness with which Germany can mobilize in comparison with Russia.

I was eventually compelled to take this course in consequence of complete Austrian mobilization, of the bombardment of Belgrade, of concentration of Austrian troops in Galicia, and of secret military preparations being made in Germany. That I was justified in doing so is proved by Germany's sudden declaration of war, which was quite unexpected by me, as I had given most categorical assurances to the Emperor William that my troops would not move so long as mediation negotiations continued.

In this solemn hour I wish to assure you once more that I have done all in my power to avert war. Now that it has been forced on me, I trust your country will not fail to support France and Russia. God bless and protect you.

And the Emperor responds through his Imperial Chancellor:

The war is a life-and-death struggle between Germany and the Muscovite races of Russia, and was due to the recent royal murders at Serajevo.

We warned Russia against kindling this world war. She demanded the humiliation of Austria, and while the German Emperor continued his work in the cause of peace and the Czar was telegraphing words of friendship to him, Russia was preparing for war against Germany.

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Highly civilized France, bound by her unnatural alliance with Russia, was compelled to prepare by strength of arms for an attack on its flank on the Franco-Belgian frontier in case we proceeded against the French frontier works. England, bound to France by obligations disowned long ago, stood in the way of a German attack on the northern coast of France.

Necessity, therefore, forced us to violate the neutrality of Belgium, but we had promised emphatically to compensate that country for all damage inflicted.

Now England avails herself of the long-awaited opportunity to commence war for the destruction of commercially prosperous Germany. We enter into that war with our trust in God. Our eternal race has risen in the fight for liberty, as it did in 1813.

It is with a heavy heart that we see England ranged among our opponents.

Notwithstanding the blood relationship and close relationship in spiritual and cultural work between the two countries, England has placed herself on the side of Russia, whose instability and whose barbaric insolence have helped this war, the origin of which was murder, and the purpose of which was the humiliation and suppression of the German race by Russian pan-Slavism.

We expect that the sense of justice of the American people will enable them to comprehend our situation. We invite their opinion as to the one-sided English representations, and ask them to examine our point of view in an unprejudiced way.

The sympathy of the American nation will then lie with German culture and civilization, fighting against a half-Asiatic and slightly cultured barbarism.

Neither of these explanations rings true. The one is an apology; the other an excuse. No discerning mind can fail to read between the lines a conviction that now was the time to strike, regardless of pretexts, and the consequence was irresistible. While, moreover, it is undoubtedly a war of monarchs and unwanted by the masses, we cannot but suspect that even to the peoples the final outbreak bore relief, if not enthusiasm, in no small measure. The burdens of mighty armaments had become too heavy for the shoulders of the toilers to bear. Their bodies were being crushed, their minds benumbed, their souls deadened. To make way for better things a clash was as essential as in our own land it was necessary to free the slaves. Back of all, underneath all, may be the onrush of democracy, designed, indeed, by God to sweep despotism from the face of the earth and open the eyes of His children to their rightful heritage of that "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" whose winning through conflict constitutes to-day the greatest boon of humankind. Perhaps, in reverent truth, a Holy War!

When and how will it all end? No man can say. The

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factors are so numerous, the combinations so infinite, that the boldest prophets must stand abashed. But the ultimate possibilities are so tremendous as fairly to take away one's breath. The British Empire may crumble into ruin, with Germany master of the sea and lord of Europe; the German Empire may be crushed beneath the weight of its enemies and come forth a bleeding wreck, shorn of its colonies and its border provinces, its wonderful industrialism and merchant marine hopelessly destroyed; defeat will almost certainly spell the break-up of Austria, and this, coupled with the corollary of a Russian triumph, may mean a Slav ocean stretching to the frontiers of Italy and endangering Western Civilization.

Consider also the momentous social possibilities involved in the Great War. The existing social order may break down utterly beneath the frightful strain; the governments, with shattered armies and empty treasuries, may crumble in a combined military and financial bankruptcy before the sudden attack of a desperate, hunger-stricken proletariat already fired by the Syndicalist gospel of violent social revolution, and the old Europe may disappear in a welter of anarchy. On the other hand, bloodshed and battle may intensify the national consciousness of the European peoples, deepen the hatreds between race and race, plunge the world into a whole cycle of wars—a new Iron Age in which the finer flowers of our civilization would be ruthlessly trampled under foot, and the present era of free thought and individual liberty be replaced by the hand of military despotism.

Again, consider the possible reactions of this European conflagration upon the world at large. Up to a month ago the white race was master of this planet. Africa was absolutely beneath European sway, while in Asia only the island Empire of Japan had made good its position, and this only by the grace of European disunion and the alliance of the European British Empire. But in these last ten years a strange breath has passed over the Asiatic world. The victories of Japan have awakened the dormant spirit of the East, and the countless millions of the Orient, once so passive, to-day chafe sullenly at the European yoke. India is seething with unrest at the British "Raj"; "unchanging" China is changing at last, and their teeming populations are beating fiercely against the white man's own frontier and answering his exclusion laws with threats and menaces

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which may portend still mightier race struggles in the years to come—struggles beside which even the present battle of the nations might seem tame indeed. Also, the recent movements in Turkey, Egypt, and Persia prove that in the Mohammedan world as well a new spirit is abroad. Islam is not dead, its fires of fanaticism are banked but are not cold, and its two hundred millions of adherents extend from Morocco to China, from Siberia to the Congo and the Celebes. Should these new spirits continue to walk abroad, what would be the situation of a Europe bled to the point of death by a modern "Peloponnesian War"?

Finally, what of the New World? From the immediate military struggle itself America fortunately stands aloof. A few thousand Canadians may shed their blood in Flanders or on the lower Rhine; a few hundred conscripts from the French Antilles may die in Alsace or beneath the walls of Paris; a small fraction of our foreign population will return to pay its patriotic debt to the mother continent. Aside from these things America can to-day suffer no appreciable drain either in men or in war material. For a short time, indeed, the pressing needs of war-stricken Europe will powerfully stimulate both American industry and American agriculture, although the general liquidation of losses following a stupendous consumption of the world's capital, together with the decreased purchasing power of a semi-bankrupt European continent, will soon more than offset this abnormal stimulus and will presently engender a prolonged period of economic reaction. However, America will lose infinitely less than any other part of the civilized world and will be relatively stronger than she is to-day. Indeed, by a quick grasp of present opportunities, aided by the inevitable rehabilitation of our long-lost merchant marine, we should be able to gain a secure foothold in many foreign markets hitherto virtual European monopolies, especially in Latin America.

Nevertheless, the tremendous possibilities which may arise from the final outcome of the present European conflagration may engender problems vital to our whole future. Suppose a German Empire, rising triumphant over a ruined England, lord of the sea, hungry for markets and colonies to recoup its losses. Suppose an aroused and aggressive Asia, with the United States the sole unscathed member of the white world. Suppose, even, a firmly welded British

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Empire, united by successful war, militarized by the intoxication of victory, and allied to a hungry and bellicose Japan. We assert our hegemony of this hemisphere, we are in possession of earth's greatest prize, the Panama Canal. And—the Anglo-German death-grapple proves that blood is not always thicker than water.

All these eventualities, it is true, still lie in the unknown future, but one among them may lie in the very immediate future. At any rate, one lesson seems to lie fair for our reading: on this day of Armageddon America should neglect nothing for the sure maintenance of her position in a quaking world.

"The United States," says the President in his moving appeal to his countrymen, "must be neutral in fact as well as in name during these days that are to try men's souls. We must be impartial in thought as well as in action, must put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another. My thought is of America. I am speaking, I feel sure, the earnest wish and purpose of every thoughtful American that this great country of ours, which is, of course, the first in our thoughts and in our hearts, should show herself in this time of peculiar trial a nation fit beyond others to exhibit the fine poise of undisturbed judgment, the dignity of self-control, the efficiency of dispassionate action, a nation that neither sits in judgment upon others nor is disturbed in her own counsels and which keeps herself fit and free to do what is honest and disinterested and truly serviceable for the peace of the world."

Noble words fitly spoken! So let be the thoughts and conduct of all, to the end that, when the time shall come, as assuredly it will come, to act for the restoration of peace and good-will among distracted peoples, no bar shall cross the path of a Chief Magistrate who would crown the Republic with glory by striving as a friend among the nations of the earth!

THE FIRST TUMBLING-BLOCK

Austria attacked Servia; and then Russia menaced Aus tria; and then Germany attacked Russia and France; and then Great Britain attacked Germany. It was for all the world like a set of the tumbling-blocks with which children

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play; or used to play before they became too sophisticated for such simple joys. You stood them all on end, in a row. Left alone, they stood securely. But if you toppled over the one at one end of the row it fell against the next, and it against the next, and so on until they all went down. It was your touch that started the process, by upsetting the first block.

What was it that started this European cataclysm? What was the first block that fell, and what upset it? There has been such a clamor in the down-crashing of all the row that the initial disturbance is in danger of being overlooked and forgotten.

The fatal touch was Austria's, given because of Servia's unsatisfactory reply to her ultimatum. To apprehend correctly, then, the circumstances of the beginning of the war, it is necessary to keep in mind the character of that ultimatum, and of Servia's reply. Austria demanded:

First, that Servia should give formal assurance of its condemnation of the Serb propaganda against Austria-Hungary. This Servia agreed to do.

Second, that Servia should publish such assurance conspicuously in its Official Journal. This, also, Servia agreed to do.

Third, that Servia should express regret for the participation of Servian officers in the propaganda. This was agreed to.

Fourth, that the Servian Government should proceed rigorously against all guilty of such machinations. To this Servia agreed.

Fifth, that the King of Servia should issue these declarations to his army in an order of the day, and in the Official Bulletin of the army. This demand was granted.

Sixth, that all Servian publications which incited hatred or contempt of Austria-Hungary should be suppressed. This Servia agreed to do.

Seventh, that the Servian society known as the National Union be dissolved. To this Servia agreed.

Eighth, that a stop be put to the teaching of enmity to Austria in Servian schools. This was agreed to.

Ninth, that all Servian officers guilty of propaganda against Austria be dismissed from the service; Austria being privileged to name them. To this Servia agreed, with merely the stipulation that in naming the officers for dis-

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missal Austria should furnish satisfactory proof of their guilt.

Tenth, that Austrian agents should assist the Servian Government in suppressing the anti-Austrian propaganda in Servia itself, and that Austrian judges should sit in judgment upon offending Servians in Servia. To this Servia demurred, unless the required action could be taken without impairing Servian sovereignty and independence.

Eleventh, that Servia should give explanations of the utterances of certain of her officials concerning the Serajevo murders. This Servia agreed to do.

Here, then, were eleven demands, of which nine were unconditionally and unhesitatingly granted; a tenth was granted with only a single condition of the most obvious and reasonable character; and the eleventh was objected to merely until a way should be shown by which it could be granted without destroying the national sovereignty and independence of Servia. Yet, apparently, because of the conditions of Servia's reply to these two, Austria deemed the reply to her ultimatum unsatisfactory and declared war.

We shall perhaps more clearly appreciate the circumstances if we consider what would have been the effect of unconditional acquiescence by Servia in these two Austrian demands. The one, the ninth, would have meant the placing of every Servian officer at the mercy of foreign malice. It would have meant that any Servian officer would be liable to proscription and dismissal upon the demand of an alien power, without conviction of guilt, and without even the showing of cause for such action. The other, the tenth, would have meant that the most important function of government on Servian soil, the administration of justice, would be arbitrarily performed by the quite irresponsible officials of an alien power. It would have meant that the property, the liberty, and the very life of Servians would be at the disposal of aliens. In brief, the granting of these two demands would have meant the abdication of Servian independence.

In what manner the Austro-Hungarian Government would have exercised the extraordinary control of Servian affairs which it thus sought may be judged from occurrences of a few years ago in Croatia. In 1909 some fifty-three persons were arrested at Agram for high treason, and the government demanded death sentences for five of them, and twenty years of penal servitude for others. The evidence against

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most of them proved to be of the flimsiest character, largely manufactured by agents of the Austro-Hungarian secret police, and the court consequently acquitted twenty-two of the accused, and imposed comparatively light sentences upon the rest. A little later the Supreme Court quashed all the sentences, set all the accused at liberty, and scathingly condemned the government for false prosecution of innocent men.

It will be recalled, also, that in 1908–09 the Vienna *Reichspost* and the *Neue Freie Presse,* the most authoritative papers in that city, both of them " inspired " by the government, published charges of treasonable conspiracy against several prominent Slavs of the southern provinces, supporting them with " official documents." The men thus accused promptly brought suits for libel against the two papers, which they won. It was admitted by the defendants that the " official documents " were sheer forgeries, and the alleged " conspiracy " was found to be utterly mythical.

It was because Servia demurred at placing her officers and people at the mercy of such practices that Austria declared war upon her. That was the first tumbling-block in the disastrous series which has now involved nearly all of Europe in the most tremendous cataclysm since the fall of Rome. Or if that was not it, and if there were other and more weighty causes for the war, then it rests with the aggressive belligerents to show what those other causes were. The world has not yet been informed of them. As the case stands, the war was begun because Servia was reluctant to repudiate her own sovereignty, and Austria was unwilling to have an international dispute composed according to the terms of a treaty of which she was herself a signatory.

BELLIGERENT DISREGARD OF TREATIES

" Leges silent inter arma," said Cicero, counsel for the defense in the famous Milo-Clodio murder trial. War automatically abrogates or at least suspends all treaties is the modern diplomatic version; which, like many diplomatic sayings, is not altogether true. A British statesman tried to enforce it at Ghent, a hundred years ago, saying that the War of 1812 had completely voided the Treaty of 1783. " Then you no longer recognize the independence of the

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United States, but regard us as your rebellious colonies?" inquired Adams; at which it was conceded that war did not, after all, abrogate all treaties.

There are other exceptions to the rule, two of which are pertinent to present circumstances. War surely does not abrogate, even as between the actual belligerents, those treaties which prescribe the method of waging or of not waging war, the rules of battle, the treatment of the wounded and prisoners, and the like. Such treaty obligations are of value only in time of war, and it would be stultifying to enter into them if they were to be disregarded the moment they became useful.

Neither, of course, does war abrogate or suspend treaties between belligerents and neutrals.

One other point needs to be added, and to be kept clearly in mind. That is, that the treaty-abrogating effect of war, so far as it prevails, is not anticipatory. It is one thing to abrogate treaties the moment when war is declared. It is or would be another and a very different thing to abrogate treaties in advance of war, as a preparation for it.

These propositions and some others are suggested by the extraordinary disregard of treaty obligations which marked the opening of the present European war.

The historic and logical prelude to the war was the Austro-Hungarian seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina, as a sort of Reichsland, in October, 1908. That it was which incited the Balkan League to undertake the conquest of Turkey in Europe. That it was, moreover, which so enormously increased Servian fear and hatred of Austria-Hungary as to give rise to the conditions which the latter power this year complained of and made her pretext for trying to intervene in Servian affairs. Now that extension of the Emperor-King's sovereignty over those provinces was a direct violation of the Berlin Treaty of July 13, 1878, to which Austria-Hungary was a party, which recognized continued Turkish sovereignty over the provinces, and which assigned them to Austria-Hungary merely for "occupation and administration" and not for annexation or the exercise of actual sovereignty.

A second violation, or ignoring, of the same treaty occurred at the beginning of the present war, when Austria-Hungary presented her ultimatum to Servia. It was legitimate to demand the cessation of a propaganda hostile to Aus-

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tria-Hungary, the dismissal of officers guilty of breaches of international amity, and the punishment of criminals. But when Austria-Hungary demanded that she should be permitted to name the officers who were to be dismissed, and that Austro-Hungarian prosecutors and judges should enter Servia to accuse, try, sentence, and punish whom they saw fit, she practically demanded Servia's renunciation of her own essential sovereignty and independence; in disregard of that same Berlin Treaty, in which the independence and sovereignty of Servia were explicitly recognized by Austria-Hungary and the other powers.

The first act of Germany in the war involved, as the German Chancellor has since practically admitted, a double violation of treaty. Germany asked Luxemburg for permission to occupy her territory for belligerent purposes, promising her full indemnity. That was a request that Luxemburg should make herself a party to violation of the London Treaty of 1867, by which that Grand Duchy was constituted and guaranteed a neutral state. On Luxemburg's refusal thus to compromise her neutrality, Germany invaded and occupied her territory, thus herself forcibly violating that same treaty, to which she, or at least Prussia, had been a party.

Following that, Germany pursued precisely the same course toward Belgium, another neutral state. First she asked permission to violate that neutrality, which meant for Belgium herself to connive at the breaking of the Treaty of 1831–32, of which she was a signatory. On Belgium's refusal, Germany proceeded forcibly to violate her neutrality, thus breaking the treaty named and also the treaty of August, 1870, between Great Britain and Germany, or Prussia, by which that neutrality was again guaranteed.

These German violations of treaties differed in one respect radically from that of Austria-Hungary. For the latter power looked upon Servia as her potential if not actual belligerent, while Germany had no quarrel whatever with Luxemburg and Belgium, but for the sake of more effectively striking at an enemy voided treaties with non-enemies.

In another way another treaty was grossly ignored by both Austria-Hungary and Germany. That was the Treaty of The Hague, first made in 1899 and specifically renewed in 1907. Of that treaty all the belligerents and many other

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powers were signatories. In entering into it they declared themselves to be

"Animated by the sincere desire to work for the maintenance of general peace; resolved to promote by all the efforts in their power the friendly settlement of international disputes; desirous of extending the empire of law and of strengthening the appreciation of international justice."

In view of this exalted profession of ironic faith, the signatory powers adopted an elaborate treaty, the first three articles of which provide as follows:

"In order to prevent as far as possible the recourse to force in international relations, the signatory powers agree to employ all their efforts to bring about, by pacific means, the solution of the differences which may arise between states. The signatory powers agree that in case of grave disagreement or conflict, before appealing to arms, they will have recourse, so far as circumstances allow it, to the good offices or mediation of one or more of the friendly powers. Independently of this recourse, the signatory powers consider it useful that one or more powers that are not concerned in the conflict should offer, of their own initiative, so far as the circumstances lend themselves to it, their good offices or their mediation to the disputing states . . . even during the course of hostilities."

Now of all the powers of Europe which made those lofty professions and took upon themselves those solemn obligations, how many and which made good their words with deeds? Servia is understood to have invoked the terms of the treaty, and to have asked for mediation of the issues between herself and Austria-Hungary; an appeal which was unhesitatingly denied. Great Britain and France both urged upon Germany and Russia the desirability of deliberation and of mediation; but in vain. There is no indication nor pretense that Austria-Hungary, Germany, or Russia ever for a moment contemplated such a course, or seriously considered acceding to the requests of those that did suggest it. They went to war precisely as they would have done if The Hague and its congresses and its treaties had never existed.

The recommendation of the treaty, that powers not concerned in the conflict should of their own initiative tender their good offices, has not so far as the world knows been acted upon by a single European power; for Great Britain

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and France, when they made their appeals, were already potentially concerned in the conflict. Perhaps this neglect is to be excused on the ground that all the great powers were more or less directly involved in the issues, as either actual or potential belligerents or as allies of the belligerents; and such offers of mediation from minor powers were hardly to be expected, and would have been made with little or no prospect of being regarded otherwise than as impertinent.

Practically, then, the United States was the only power in a position to fulfil that part of the treaty, and it is gratifying to know that it undertook to do so. It might be wished that the offer had been made more promptly; but there were three cardinal reasons for the delay. One was, of course, the characteristic dilatoriness of the Secretary of State. The second was the complications in Mexico with which we were still troubled. The third was the crushing burden of domestic calamity which the President was enduring. It must always be remembered to his honor that from the shadow of his own inconsolable woe he spoke a word in noble effort to avert the woe of nations. Nor was that offer altogether belated, since the treaty explicitly provided that it might be made at any time, before or during actual hostilities.

This war of 1914 is thus not greatly encouraging for the establishment of international law and the confirmation of the sanctity of treaty obligations. Seldom if ever before have such obligations of so grave a character been so summarily and flagrantly shirked, ignored, repudiated. Yet we should not be altogether discouraged, either, since never before has such treaty-breaking been so generally condemned by the moral sense and voice of the world.

THE NEW HAVEN SETTLEMENT

It is with peculiar gratification that, in concluding the account of the work done by the Department of Justice under the direction of Attorney-General James C. McReynolds, we are enabled to record a settlement which permits a "peaceful dissolution" of the New Haven railway monopoly. The cost of bankruptcy proceedings involving receiverships of more than two hundred corporations would have been incalculable, bearing heavily not only upon the

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sixty thousand shareholders, but also upon the traveling public and shippers whose interests are so vitally concerned in the prompt rehabilitation of the great property.

It seemed for a time as if, in this particular instance, the general policy of conservation and reconstruction adopted at the outset and pursued undeviatingly by Mr. McReynolds must fail, as the inevitable consequence of an *impasse* for whose existence nobody could well be blamed. The original agreement assumed that the Massachusetts Legislature would co-operate with the Government and the corporation to the extent of permitting the sale of the large block of Boston & Maine railway stock held by the New Haven company without restriction, but for some reason, possibly political, Governor Walsh declined to advocate this procedure, and the enabling act failed of passage. Excuse for this refusal was found in the apprehension of the State that the control of the entire Boston & Maine system might be acquired by one of the great Canadian railway companies, to the disadvantage of the community. In view of the fact that, in any event, the property would continue to be subject to local jurisdiction, the Attorney-General perceived little cause for alarm, but he quite properly refused to place the Federal Government in an attitude of interference with the prerogatives of a sovereign commonwealth. On the other hand, the withholding of the right of the State itself to take over the shares in question at any future time upon adjudicated value rendered the stock practically unsalable, and the ensuing deadlock made necessary the resumption of court proceedings by the Department. It was but natural that, in the circumstances, charges and counter charges of responsibility should find vent through personal criticism and official communications, but these need not be considered in the light of the amicable adjustment now happily achieved.

Under the arrangement, the company is allowed two and one-half years in which to dispose of the stock in question and is practically assured an extension of time upon presentation of reasonable cause. This affords ample opportunity to appeal to the people to elect a Governor and Legislature better informed and more considerate of the real interests involved and, that attempt failing, to turn to the courts for review of the hampering existing laws. In other words, says the *Springfield Republican,* voicing the unanimous judgment of the New England press:

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The whole matter of the dissolution is now to pass into the judicial atmosphere, with the government, the company, and the state of Massachusetts maintaining a pacific instead of a belligerent attitude. And this is a consummation most fortunate upon which the *Republican* congratulates the Government and the stockholders and directors of the New Haven company. The courts may be depended upon to do justice to property rights in the enforcement of law.

There is no occasion for wonder at the evidences of rejoicing at an unexpected outcome which averts a real calamity, and it was most fitting and becoming, in view of previous animadversions, that the Board of Directors should officially declare their "high appreciation of the courtesy of the Attorney-General and of his hearty co-operation in their endeavor to solve the problem without inflicting unnecessary loss upon the shareholders and to effect a rehabilitation of the property in the interests of the public." It is easy to imagine how a resentful or narrow-minded or popularity-hunting official—a Folk, for example—might have taken a quite opposite course, heedless of the disastrous consequences certain to ensue. For ourselves, then, as we have said, we feel particular gratification in this justification of our firm faith in the high purposes, exceptional breadth, and perfect fairness of the Attorney-General whose promotion to the Supreme Court Bench reflects the highest credit upon the Administration.

To Mr. McReynolds and Mr. Thomas W. Gregory, who managed the Government's case with exceptional ability, and to former-Senator William Murray Crane, who conducted the negotiations on behalf of the company in equally commendable spirit, the people of New England and indeed of the whole country owe an incalculable debt of gratitude.

WE CRY FOR NEWS

War would be less like hell if it were not so noisy. One can hardly hear oneself think these days, and the newspapers are so replete with no news from the front that it is quite impossible to find out what is going on. Fortunately the conservative *Congressional Record* has not yet yielded to the impulse which has swamped its contemporaries, and so we learn that Congress is still staggering along under pressure from above with so little prospect of relief that all

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Senators and Representatives, except the optimistic Mr. Smoot, seem to have abandoned hope.

Discussion of the Clayton Anti-trust Bill, we may inform our readers, is proceeding along the customary lines and may be concluded at some future date unless a Senator shall object.

In the House of Representatives Mr. Underwood is giving his best thought to questions of revenue. Somewhat, perhaps, to his relief, the actual producing capacity of the new tariff under normal conditions will remain a matter of conjecture for some time to come. Nobody, of course, could have been expected to foresee the present contingency, but here it is, and provision must be made for war taxes just as inevitably as if we were really fighting. The immediate problem is how to add a hundred millions or thereabouts to our National revenues without letting the voters know anything about it. One Representative who proposed to tax incomes as small as $1,500 was removed to a hospital as a probable victim of the heat, but he proved to be a mere Republican wag. Some think more revenue could be derived from whisky, but experts say whisky is already yielding all the traffic can bear, and that if the tax should be increased even Prohibitionists would stop drinking altogether. Somewhat more, it is believed, might be extracted from beer, but the standard price makes it difficult to reach the ultimate consumer, even with the co-operation of the brewers, who are not unfriendly to the party in power. The suggestion of a stamp tax, of course, is always with us, but there is question in many minds of its popularity at this particular time.

Representative Fowler undoubtedly struck the key-note of true political aspiration when he repeated these verses, composed by himself in the dark watches of a humid night:

Locate the dividing line between
  Toil and treasure and pain and pleasure:
On one side of this line may be seen
  Pride and plenty and lust and leisure,
Controlling the policies of state,
  While on the other, trouble and tears,
Wail and want, doubt and despair, debate
  Grave problems of state for coming years.

Look! Spread out o'er this magic domain,
  Wealth, a hundred thirty billions lie,
Piled, like the ir'n ore in fair Lorraine,
  In heaps, while from hunger millions die.

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Here begin, but with caution proceed,
Taxing large fortunes most steadily,
So that hereafter there'll be no need
To tax breadwinners so readily.

Our Alert Colonel voiced the same idea when he declared in Hartford that there is "not the slightest need of any income tax or inheritance tax on small or even moderate fortunes," but there should be "a heavily graded and heavy income tax and inheritance tax on large fortunes." It is not a novel scheme, and is, of course, wholly practicable, but can the rich be mulcted in time to meet the immediate pressing needs? That is the question which vexes Mr. Underwood. If the Government could be informed in advance precisely when each millionaire is going to die, it could make arrangements accordingly; but even the marvelous anticipatory statistics of the Treasury Department do not contain this information. When all is said and done we see nothing for it but to tax the railroads or such of them as are earning operating expenses. However, let Mr. Underwood guess and the President decide.

But it is not Washington alone whose voice is lost in the din of warfare. We can account for the strange stillness which has settled like a pall over the Secretaries of State, Navy, and Commerce, and even the American Ambassador to St. James's. But what has become of Albert Jeremiah Beveridge? Is he or is he not walking for Senator? And Hiram Johnson? Is he for or against Our Colonel? And William Sulzer? And the Boy Scout Malone? Where are they? Are their tongues tied? Or have they ceased to think they are thinking?

We cry out for information of Our Own Heroes on the Firing Line. Has no newspaper sufficient enterprise to get and print the real news of the day and generation?

COMMENT

WHAT basis of reason is there in the common assumption that this will be a short war? It is inconceivable that Germany should triumph, and it is no less credible that she will hasten her own discomfiture. Never before in the history of the world has a nation so fully equipped technically and so strong in ultimate resource engaged in a struggle for existence. The reverses reported to date are slight at best, and

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in their sobering effect are probably working to advantage among the German people. Once let them realize to the full that their fight is less for the throne than for the Fatherland and their homes and families, and no limit can be placed upon their capacity for courage, endurance, and sacrifice. Our own revolutionists, the Boers, and the Belgians have left no room for doubt that one patriot defending his country is the equal of three members of an attacking force. Surely the Emperor and his advisers need no information on this score, and to anticipate that they will not shape a policy to put their antagonists in the light of aggressors is to question their intelligence. Hence we regard the heralded prospective great and decisive battle as a mirage. It may not take place in a year or in three years. Since meeting with unexpected resistance in Belgium the German Army seemingly has settled down to cautious but insistent and scientific campaigning and, according even to prejudiced reports, is slowly but surely forcing its way forward in pursuance of a well-designed plan which contemplates protracted conflict. The French and Russian forces are proceeding along the same lines, and the British Navy can do only patrol work till the Kaiser gives the word for battle. Even though the present total cost of the war does exceed twenty millions a day, there exists no certainty and, to our mind, little probability that it will not continue for many months.

Of the various pretexts put forth for engaging in warfare Japan's is not only the most flimsy, but is so solemnly disingenuous as almost to evoke a smile. "We consider it highly important and necessary to take measures to remove the causes of all disturbances of the peace in the Far East," etc. Wherefore respected Germany will kindly remove all warships from the Pacific forthwith and turn over to respectful Japan the entire province of Kiau-chau "without condition or compensation." Kind response requested quite soon. As ever, most humble and obedient Mikado. Peace Brother Bryan please forward most amicable suggestion to gracious Emperor Germany at early convenience.

When Prince Henry came to America he informed the Emperor that his purpose was "to preach in foreign lands the

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gospel of Your Majesty's consecrated person," and we listened politely, but, judging from remarks heard nowadays, we should hesitate to advise even the ingratiating Prince to repeat his evangelizing endeavors. The American people may err in holding the Kaiser chiefly responsible for wanton warfare, but they are right in manifesting impatience at the impudence of a very human being's claim to partnership with God. All kings take notice!

From the *Congressional Record:*

Mr. ASHURST. These are the words of the late Senator Hoar, a distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, a statesman of untarnished public and private character and of highly cultivated mind, yet conservative withal.

Mr. KERN. And who wrote every word of the Sherman Anti-trust law as it was finally passed.

What an extraordinary statement! Can it be possible that the Democratic leader of the Senate is as ignorant as this ridiculously inaccurate assertion indicates?

Now, what the Progressive party proposes to do is to have a commission where the changes recommended shall be made schedule by schedule, not all at once, and by deliberate action, the reasons for which can be given in detail not only to Congress, but to the public.

So declares Our Colonel. We trust that all Progressive candidates for Congress will uphold their leader's pledge to reopen the tariff schedules forthwith.

August 15, 1914, will be celebrated in history as the highly opportune day on which the Hon. William Jennings Bryan presented to each Senator of the United States two volumes of speeches on Peace.

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WHY AUSTRIA IS AT WAR WITH RUSSIA

BY DR. CONSTANTIN THEODOR DUMBA, AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

THE war between Austria-Hungary and Russia may well be said to be the outcome of conflicting civilizations and conflicting aims. The controversy between the Dual Monarchy and the Servian kingdom is only an incident in the greater struggle between German civilization as represented by Austria-Hungary, and Russian aspirations as represented by Servia, the Russian outpost on the southern frontier of the Dual Monarchy. To a proper understanding of the conflicting trend of these two forces—Austria and Russia—a realization of the respective interests of the two powers in the Near East is essential.

Austria's interest in the Near East is economic, and not at all nationalistic. Russia's interest is solely sentimental or nationalistic. Austria was the dominant trade factor in the Balkan states. Russia has no trade worth mentioning, either in Servia or in any other Balkan state. The Gagarin line of steamers on the Danube, which Russia maintained at great cost, carried hardly any freight to Belgrade, except supplies for the Russian minister in the Servian capital. Austria sent merchants and commercial travelers into the Balkan states. Russia, on the other hand, sent priests, consuls, agitators, and apostles of the Slavic idea.

The natural expansion of the German empire of Austria toward the Near East began after the permanent expulsion of the Turkish hordes by the victories of Prince Eugene of Savoy. Parallel with the Austrian expansion southeastward went the Russian advance toward the Black Sea. In an effort to avert a clash in this parallel but gradually concentering expansion, the Emperor Joseph and the Empress

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Catharine met late in the eighteenth century—1787—in the Crimea and reached an agreement for the dismemberment of Turkey. Under this project of monarchs the western part of the Ottoman Empire, including Bosnia and Herzegovina, now the bone of contention between Austria on the one hand and Russia and Servia on the other, were apportioned to Austria. To Russia's share were allotted the regions now known as Rumania and Bulgaria. It was at this period that the Russian dream of the possession of Constantinople, first broached in the form of a mythical will of Peter the Great, began to assume reality as a governing principle of Russian policy in southeastern Europe.

In the nineteenth century Prince Metternich in vain tried his conservative policy for the maintenance of the territorial integrity of Turkey. Austria's championship of Turkey as a permanent territorial and political entity in Europe failed because of Russia's persistent aggressions. At the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, which adjusted the boundaries of the Balkan Peninsula after the Russo-Turkish War, Count Andrassy abandoned this policy of Prince Metternich. Under the treaty negotiated in Berlin, the independence of the kingdoms of Servia and Rumania was recognized and the tributary principality of Bulgaria was created. In these arrangements the principle of nationality was the predominant consideration. Count Andrassy's chief interest in the proceedings of the congress on behalf of Austria-Hungary was commercial, as Russia's was sentimental or nationalistic.

Andrassy sought to secure to Austria an outlet for her industrial products. This attitude was in accord with Austria's previous dealings with Balkan peoples. He first concluded a commercial treaty with Rumania before it was an independent kingdom. Accordingly, one of the clauses which were incorporated into the Treaty of Berlin at Austria's behest placed Servia under the obligation to reach a commercial understanding with the Dual Monarchy. But even this obligation Servia carried out only under great pressure from Vienna.

Another outcome of the Congress of Berlin—and a fateful one, as now appears—was the mandate of the Powers for the occupation of the provinces of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria for purposes of pacification and administration.

The relations between Austria and Servia in the first years

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of the new order of things were satisfactory and harmonious. Hand in hand with the economic dependence of Servia upon Austria as the main and almost exclusive outlet for Servian commerce, went a political intimacy between King Milan's administration and the government at Vienna. But against this friendly relation the Radical Russophile party carried on an energetic campaign. This campaign was supported at much cost by Russia, which conferred scholarships upon hundreds of Servian students in Russian universities, and educated many Servian military officers in Russian army schools. In addition to these cultural efforts of the Russian Government, the so-called Slavic Benevolent Society in Moscow and St. Petersburg always stood ready with ample funds to give material support to all poor Serbs who should show a desire to avail themselves of the educational facilities of the Russian Empire. Such were the mild beginnings of the Russian propaganda in Servia, which was destined to lead to a tragic climax in Sarajevo a few years later.

After the assassination of King Alexander, son of King Milan, and Queen Draga in June, 1903, the Russophile radical party under Nikola Pasitch, the present premier, came into complete and almost undisputed control in Belgrade. Under King Peter, the successor of King Alexander, the Russian minister at Belgrade assumed the rôle of a sort of viceroy. Russian dominance over Servian affairs was especially conspicuous under the late Baron Hartwig, who was at the head of the Russian legation in the Servian capital during the two Balkan wars and until his death a few weeks ago.

Under the influences set at work by Russia, the attitude of Servia toward Austria-Hungary underwent a complete reversal. As Austrian minister to Servia in the last part of the reign of King Alexander, I often discussed with the King or his ministers the destiny of Servia. They all seemed to take it for granted that the door to the west had been closed to the Servian nation by the Austrian occupation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and only the door to the south—in Macedonia—was open. Servia had given up the dream of a Servian expansion at the expense of Austria, and was considering conquests to the south, in Old Servia. Accordingly the activities of the nationalistic societies under the department of propaganda at the Servian Foreign Office were cultural. They took the form of the establishment of

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schools and churches in Macedonia for the spread of the national ideal, very often at the expense of the Bulgarians. This purely educational campaign lasted until the sudden end of the reign of Alexander. Under King Peter began the propaganda of action which was destined to have a tragic counterpart in the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his consort in Sarajevo.

Bands of raiders, or comitadjis, were organized, armed with bombs and rifles, and sent into the debatable territory of Macedonia to convince Bulgarians and other nationalities that they were really good Serbs. These methods, until the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was announced by Austria in 1908, were applied only to Macedonia. After that event the activities of the propaganda under the inspiration of Russia were transferred to Austrian territory.

The active interest of Russia in the new Austrian crown lands came in the wake of two rebuffs for Russian arms and Russian diplomacy. During Russia's struggle with Japan, Austria had maintained the friendliest relations with Russia, in the hope that the colossus of the North would succeed in retaining its outlet in the Far East. With the triumph of Japan in Manchuria, Russia swung back to a keen revival of interest in the affairs of the Near East. But the second disappointment—this time a failure for Russian diplomacy—was to come.

It is the custom to speak of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina as having been carried out by Austria to the accompaniment of profound secrecy. Such is not the case. Austria, before the formal act, had exchanged several friendly notes on the subject with Russia. It is not generally known that Russia had even given her conditional approval of the plan of annexation in advance of its execution. At a conference in the Castle of Buchlau, in Moravia, in the autumn of 1908, Baron von Aehrenthal, the Austro-Hungarian minister of Foreign Affairs, had obtained the consent of Iswolsky, his Russian colleague, to the prospective step. In return for Russia's friendly attitude in the matter, von Aehrenthal pledged to the Russian Foreign Minister Austria's consent to the opening of the Strait of Constantinople to the Russian fleets.

When Iswolsky, on continuing his trip, presented this plan to the British Foreign Office, he was quickly convinced that the agreed-upon *quid pro quo* was impracticable. Then be-

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gan the violent opposition of Russia to the annexation by Austria of the country which had been rescued from anarchy and placed upon the road to progress by Austrian arms and statesmanship, and in which Austria had expended vast sums for essential public improvements. This opposition was voiced by the Russian press in a series of violent utterances, and by Servia in a campaign of incendiary and indecent attacks upon the Dual Monarchy. Servia's defiant attitude lasted from October, 1908, until the following March. Austria was then compelled to proceed at great cost to a partial mobilization as a defensive measure.

In point of fact, the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina was neither a stealthy nor an unforeseen event. On the eve of the opening of the Russo-Turkish War, Austria, like England, had set down conditions for its neutrality in the coming conflict. Austria, among other considerations, stipulated for the acquisition of control in Bosnia, and Great Britain for the inviolability of the Strait of Constantinople. Both these conditions Russia sought to evade after the defeat of Turkey. England enforced the performance of Russia's promises by the dramatic appearance of its fleet in Besika Bay, and Austria obtained the performance of Russia's part of the bargain with the Dual Monarchy at the hands of the congress of Berlin.

Despite the double assent which Russia had given to Austrian control in Bosnia-Herzegovina, Russia picked out the Bosnian issue as the key-note of a wide appeal to all Slavic nations as an example of the "Austrian peril." Russia is extremely reactionary in its domestic policies and extremely revolutionary in all its foreign policies. The character of the Russian agitation carried on in the Austrian Slavic provinces may well be designated as revolutionary. The courts in Hungary only recently finished consideration of a characteristic method of Russian propaganda on Austrian territory. Several Ruthenians, whom the Russians call Malorussi—"Little Russians"—were convicted of high treason under the cover of religion. The chief witness for the defense was the Panslavist leader Bobrinski, a member of the Russian Duma, who had come from Russia to appear before the court under a pledge of immunity. It was shown in the course of the testimony that a swarm of Bobrinski's paid agents had agitated among the Austrian and Hungarian Ruthenians, ostensibly in an effort to detach them from the

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Uniate Orthodox to the Russian Orthodox Church, but actually in an attempt to develop anti-Austrian sentiment among these "lost children" of Russia. Bobrinski's guilt of the charge of plotting against the peace of a friendly state was proved with sufficient conclusiveness, but it was impossible to convict him because of the promise of immunity under which he had consented to appear on Austrian soil.

The trial and the disclosures which it brought about created a profound feeling of resentment throughout Austria-Hungary. The Austrian Government had caught Bobrinski—and behind Bobrinski something that loomed like a menacing shadow in the North.

Any approach to the bold methods of Kaulbars could not be endured with patience by a great Power. Kaulbars was the Russian diplomatic envoy who terrorized Bulgaria during the period of uncertainty that followed the abduction of Prince Alexander by Russian agents from his bed in the palace on the ninth of August, 1886 (old calendar). With Alexander out of the way, Kaulbars, assuming the powers of a viceroy under suspended constitutional guarantees, attempted to browbeat and intimidate the Bulgarian regency, and actually made a deliberate and systematic attempt to promote a revolution against the Government, by informing the people, in a fiery proclamation and by a series of speeches throughout the country, that the Government had incurred the displeasure of the Czar, and that, therefore, Bulgaria would suffer untold evils unless it quickly compelled its rulers to obey the mandate of Alexander III.

The extraordinary methods of Kaulbars and of his masters at St. Petersburg produced such a strong wave of indignation in Vienna that Austria at that early stage was brought to the brink of war against Russia in defense of the independence of Bulgaria.

The strings that led from Prague, the capital of Bohemia, to St. Petersburg and Moscow, the center of the Panslavistic movement, were estimated as ominous and significant symptoms. The frequent pilgrimages of prominent Slavic leaders—like Kramař and Klofac, the Czechs, to St. Petersburg or Belgrade, and the numerous Sokol congresses and conferences, within and outside of the limits of the Monarchy, were outward signs of the intense character of a determined and dangerous agitation.

The Government of the Dual Monarchy has been taught

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by experience that the Servian kingdom is the torpedo which Russia has launched at the body of Austria. That is why the Austro-Hungarian Government, in its dealings with Servia after the crime of Sarajevo, found no alternative to insistent and uncompromising action. Any quibbling, any half-measures in repressing such intolerable activities as have characterized the Russo-Servian propaganda on Austrian territory, would have perpetuated the peril and made the situation worse than it was. It would have been tantamount to abdication by Austria of its sovereignty on its own soil. And such an abdication Austria is not yet prepared to make. It must vindicate its sovereignty and insure order within its boundaries, even at the risk of incurring the accusation of undue aggressiveness from those who do not realize that the patience of the Dual Monarchy has been long and its desire for peace constant.

CONSTANTIN THEODOR DUMBA.

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THE EMPEROR WHO MADE WAR

BY DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER

ALTHOUGH it is the general belief that Francis Joseph only came to the plenitude of his popularity in the latter half of his long reign, this is not in accordance with the facts, for from the day that he entered Vienna, a youthful, gallant figure riding through crowded streets in which the din of civil strife and battle had only just been stilled, to bring his people a new constitution, he held a very special place in their hearts. The storms of 1848 had brought Austria face to face with dismemberment. They had wrecked the Metternich system, and they had threatened not merely to terminate the reign of Ferdinand, but to subvert his dynasty as well. But the excesses of the Viennese mob and of Hungarian rebels produced a reaction. With Ferdinand's abdication in December, 1848, disloyalty disappeared. The natural attachment of the Austrians to the ruling family revived, and it was amidst scenes of indescribable emotion and enthusiasm that his nephew, Francis Joseph, assumed at eighteen years of age the responsibility of governing the most heterogeneous empire in Europe. He was practically unknown, but his handsome face and gallant bearing won the spontaneous support of his subjects, and on all sides faith was proclaimed in the new era. Seventy years more or less of wise rule have justified that faith.

It is not easy to bring before the reader's mind the state of popular commotion that prevailed in Austria-Hungary at that period, or the chaos to which the rival pretensions of Magyar and Slav, Croat and Czech, had brought the administration; but a few facts will be useful for reference and elucidation. The primary cause of the trouble was the dissatisfaction of Hungary with its position in the Empire. Hungary regarded itself as an independent kingdom possessing its own constitution and joined to Austria by its own free will. The Hapsburg ruler was King of Hungary,

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and Hungary had been a free party to the Pragmatic Sanction in 1723 on that basis. The Empress Maria Theresa had been crowned "King" amid enthusiastic cries of "*moriemur pro nostro rege, Maria Teresa!*" But her successors had unwisely departed from her example, the separate coronation was not repeated, and Austria displayed an increasing intention to treat Hungary not as an allied kingdom, but as a dependent province. In Vienna, at least among the governing circles, the only conception of government was the Emperor's will and unswerving obedience to the laws of the Church of Rome. While the Austrian capital was swathed in the bonds of Absolutism the Hungarian was full of agitation for the modernizing of the old constitution.

It had taken a novel form. From time immemorial the classic and official language of Hungary had been Latin. The speeches in the Diet were delivered in Latin; it was in Latin that the oath was taken to the King. A resolution was suddenly formed to remove this anachronism. The Diet passed a law that Latin was to give place to Magyar, but the Hungarian magnates had not taken into account the Slavs who formed the majority of the population in the trans-Leithan kingdom. The Slavs and Croats were willing enough to talk in Latin, an acquired language, but they would have nothing to do with Magyar. "*Nolumus Magyarisari!*" became their battle cry, and in the crisis of 1848 it was Croat and Slav loyalty that preserved the Hapsburgs against Hungarian disaffection. When the Hungarians revolted in March-April, 1848, the Croats, under their Ban Jellachich, marched to the Leitha to defend the approaches to the capital.

It was amid these scenes of internal commotion that Francis Joseph took up the heavy task of government with which he has grappled for more than sixty years. The circumstances of the hour were not favorable to good relations with Hungary. That country was in open insurrection and had repudiated the authority of the Hapsburgs. It was only brought back to a state of obedience by the intervention of Russia, which sent an army across the Carpathians in the interests of what was euphemistically called general order. For the first twenty years of the Emperor's reign the name of Hungary was taboo in Viennese circles, and there was no reason for thinking that Francis Joseph

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had different views about that country than those held by the people around him. In his first reforms, then, Hungary had no place. It was to Austria alone that he addressed his first proposals. They were rendered remarkable by the fact that they were issued on his own initiative. A committee had been sitting at Kremsier for some months in solemn deliberation on the different forms of constitution that might be suitable, but there was no sign of any result being forthcoming when early in March, 1849, the Emperor took the matter into his own hands and promulgated his own constitution. Its terms were not so very liberal, but it was none the less the death warrant of the old autocratic principle and it was the Emperor's own act.

The young Emperor's advent to power was marked by external as well as internal complications. In Italy the Milanese seemed lost till the genius of the aged Radetzky turned the scale in favor of the Austrians. In Germany itself Prussia had been watching with unconcealed satisfaction the troubles of her southern neighbor which promised to facilitate the transfer of the leading influence in Germany from Vienna to Berlin. But her time had not come yet, and for a moment it seemed that despite his domestic troubles Francis Joseph would be accepted as the true German leader. All the German rulers lived in fear of revolution, and Austria had thrown herself into the breach and arrested its progress. When the Elector of Hesse got into trouble with his subjects it was to Austria he appealed against Prussia's coquetting with his rebels, and Austria with the assurance of Russia's support presented for the last time an ultimatum at Berlin. Prussia gave way and accepted the terms of the Convention of Olmutz. But this triumph was brief, for all Austria's efforts to obtain recognition from the Frankfort Diet for her non-German elements were successfully defeated by the efforts of Prussia. Nor was this all, for the dangerous principle received general acceptance that no German Prince could rule non-German subjects save by a personal title, and it was also insisted upon as a natural corollary that it was the first duty of a German Prince to Germanize his subjects. Herein lay the secret of all Austria's trouble. A so-called German ruler with subjects of whom three-fourths were non-Germans found himself in a strange dilemma.

Two personal as distinct from political incidents of this

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early period claim our notice. In 1853 the life and reign of Francis Joseph were almost cut short by the knife of a journeyman tailor named Janos Libeny, who, watching his opportunity, sprang out on the Emperor from a recess whilst taking a walk on the old ramparts of Vienna. The Emperor owed his escape to the stoutness of his collar and to the energy displayed by his companion, Count O'Donnell, who seized the assassin and held him until help arrived. Describing the occurrence to a relative, the Emperor said, briefly, "O'Donnell saved my life." It was not the first nor the last occasion on which the representative of an exiled Irish family had the opportunity of displaying his loyalty to the Hapsburgs. To the end of his life the Emperor will show the trace of the wound in a slight droop of one of the eyelids.

It was soon after this incident that the question of the Emperor's marriage began to attract attention, and it was not unnatural that an alliance with the House of Bavaria, the only ruling family in Germany which could rank in antiquity with that of Austria, should suggest itself as the most appropriate. There were several eligible princesses—the daughters of the Duke Max and the Duchess Louise. Their beauty and grace had become matters of general talk; two of them had made their début in court life at Munich. It was decided, so far as the acts of a free man can be determined, that in one of these Francis Joseph should find his partner and Empress. The tale has often been told how the young Emperor went to choose his bride, and how in the midst of his conversation a radiant and high-spirited girl not out of her teens burst into the salon and eclipsed her sisters. The Emperor had seen his fate; he came away and sent in his formal application for the hand, not of either of the young ladies who had entertained him, but for the young Princess Elizabeth who had gained his heart. Old Viennese still tell with tears in their eyes how the girl-bride was welcomed by her lover when she came to be married in the Hofburg of Vienna. The Emperor lifted her out of the carriage, and, placing her arm under his, led her into the palace, of which for thirty years till the dark shadow of Meyerling fell across their paths she was to be the bright and central star.

Neither the imminence of personal danger nor the distractions of domestic felicity gained for Francis Joseph any respite from his troubles. The Crimean War, which at a

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cursory glance seemed only a struggle between Russia and the Western Powers, provided a crisis for Austria. She was under a deep obligation to the Czar for his aid against Hungarians and Prussia. But the menace to the integrity of the Ottoman dominions aroused anxiety at Vienna, and, as Schwarzenberg predicted, "Austria astonished the world by her ingratitude" to Russia. She took the Danubian principalities under her protection. After the war had continued for some time she exerted all the pressure she could at St. Petersburg to secure peace, and she succeeded in her object by allowing Russia to see that if the war went on she would take the field against her. Austria was ungrateful, and if the general peace of Europe gained it is very doubtful whether from the strictly Austrian point of view the policy was wise. It broke up the Holy Alliance, or, rather, the survival of it in the Austro-Russian league, and it left Austria without a supporter in 1859 and 1866. If Russia wanted to see her neighbor punished for her ingratitude she could not have prescribed a more severe chastisement than fate reserved for her.

There is no need to dwell here on the details of the Italian war. Its chief and most durable influence was as part of that chastening experience which not merely molded the character of the young Emperor, but which involved his country in the throes not of dissolution, but of a new birth. The retreat of the Austrian armies across the plains of Lombardy, after a series of sanguinary reverses at the hands of the French army, was witnessed by the Emperor in person, who endeavored to inspire his lieutenants by his presence; but military genius cannot be made to order, and on this occasion the Austrian plan of campaign was as badly conceived as in the worst days of the Aulic Council. The sight of the Austrian wounded after Solferino caused the Emperor the deepest grief and disgusted him with war, a sentiment which became intensified with the lapse of time.

But unfortunately for her future, Austrian diplomacy was no better than her strategy. The Italian possessions had always been a source of weakness to Austria. As far back as the treaty of Utrecht, Prince Eugene had urged on the Court of Vienna to drop them and to concentrate its efforts on the development of the Netherlands. Another chance of ending the fatal entanglement presented itself in 1859 when Italy offered to buy back Venetia. The retention of

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the famous Quadrilateral counted for more than the sacrifice based on the exercise of common sense which would have averted the deep humiliation seven years later. The treaty of Villafranca left Austria beaten; Italy unsatisfied and ripe to be the ally of Prussia in the great duel for the first place in Germany.

Peace restored, Francis Joseph again took up the question of internal reform and with the more earnestness, because he had lost faith in his ministers. During the war some of the Czech regiments had displayed what may be called a halting loyalty, and in Bohemia the peasants joined in a sort of refrain: "If we are beaten we shall get a constitution, but if we win we shall never have one." The Emperor did not delay in proving them right. In 1860 he not merely enlarged with new powers the archaic State Council, but he intrusted the portfolio of chief minister to Count Goluchowski, a Pole. This was the first occasion on which he resorted to the plan he chiefly favored in later years of choosing his principal advisers from one of the other races instead of among Austrians or Magyars. But the readjustment of administrative powers in 1860 was only the precursor of the new constitution proclaimed in the next year. By an Imperial decree two chambers were created, and for the first time the government was framed on liberal lines and with the acceptance of ministerial responsibility.

But large as were the concessions made, they were accompanied by certain conditions and qualifications which greatly diminished their effect on the public and detracted from their value. For instance, the apportionment of seats to the electorate largely favored the German element at the expense of the rest. The Chamber of Representatives was to contain 343 members, of whom 85 were to be elected in Hungary, and it was considered that the system had been so manipulated as to give the German minority a preponderance of seats over the joint Slav-Magyar constituencies. No one could have imagined that Hungary would rejoice at the gift sought to be forced upon her, but the Austrian public was unprepared for the vehemence with which it was rejected. The Hungarians declared that they already possessed a constitution of their own and that they would not accept the new one. They refused to elect representatives, and some of the more extreme leaders reminded the Em-

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peror that, as he had not been crowned their King, disobedience to his orders would not amount to high treason.

A new crisis was thus sprung upon the country. The Hungarians would not send deputies to Vienna, the Austrians in return suppressed the Hungarian Diet, and the trans-Leithan kingdom passed under the rigorous régime of martial law. But after a little of this commotion and after watching the development of the strife of the nationalities in what he loved, despite appearances, to term his "united and undivided Empire," Francis Joseph stepped into the breach himself. He dismissed his Chancellor, Schmerling, who had shown a bitterly anti-Hungarian spirit, and, to the astonishment of his German subjects, he went to Pesth in person to arrange terms with his Magyar lieges. This event occurred in 1865 and was followed by an extraordinary revival of loyalty among the Hungarians to the throne. Francis Joseph had touched the chord in their hearts which Maria Theresa had been the last to sound. The Emperor's visit did not in itself solve a grave political difficulty, but it opened the door to a new prospect.

Once again the question of internal reform was interrupted and had to be laid aside by the occurrence of a serious external difficulty culminating in war. The rivalry of Austria and Prussia for the lead in Germany, which may be said to have begun in the Seven Years' War, had gone on in one form or other for the better part of a century. The assumption at Vienna was that Prussia would never succeed in accomplishing what was regarded as a piece of presumptuousness, and there was at least one solid justification for this view in the fact that Austria possessed the sympathy of most of the minor German powers. Yet the fact that it was only Russia's support that averted war at Olmütz ought to have been remembered. In 1861 Prussia passed under a new king and a new minister. The period of blood and iron had arrived.

In 1863 Francis Joseph summoned the German princes to a diet at Frankfort, and all accepted with the exception of Prussia. Various changes in form were to be discussed, but it was well known that Francis Joseph had larger designs and a more ambitious programme. The old Empire of Germany—derived from the Empire of the west and Charlemagne—had disappeared after Austerlitz, but it was hoped that the German Diet would by a new decree recognize

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the House of Hapsburg as possessing a right to preside over its meetings in perpetuity. There is no doubt that the majority of the smaller German states would have passed such a vote, but Prussia, by astutely refusing to be present, reduced the proceedings of the Diet to a nullity. Francis Joseph went out of his way to meet King William and to invite him personally to attend, but there was a strong will behind the Hohenzollern, and Bismarck declared with cynical frankness, in words which should always be treasured:

"The principle always followed in the Prussian monarchy demands that resolutions be not taken in a completed plan concerning the interests of the State except after a thorough examination of all possibilities by His Majesty."

The Frankfort Diet held its meeting and Francis Joseph made an excellent speech on his plan of reform, but so far as the relations of Austria and Prussia went it was barren. It was at this point that Francis Joseph made one of the great mistakes of his life. He allowed himself to be drawn into the war with Denmark, and he thus destroyed the best chance he ever had of curbing Prussian ambition by arraying against it England and France. It is no historical secret that even against Prussia and Austria combined those two powers were on the point of intervening, and the declaration of the British Government stands on record that it would always regard the war over Schleswig-Holstein as an unnecessary one. If Austria had refused to join Prussia in the most brutal act of force that Europe had witnessed since the partition of Poland, Bismarck's plans would have been balked at the start. The petty sentiments of the Frankfort Diet—a medieval court swayed by prejudices of the most exclusive nature—prevailed over the larger considerations of statecraft that should have guided the policy of Austria.

The Danish war ended and the usefulness of Austria to Prussia for the accomplishment of Bismarck's designs having disappeared, it was only to be expected that bickerings should ensue between the late partners over the plunder. Austria took Holstein; Prussia, Schleswig. The latter offered to pay twelve millions for the former duchy, and once more, as in Venetia, Austria haughtily rejected a profitable money transaction. In the end she lost it without recompense, and the money she refused was devoted by Bismarck to the object of equipping Italy for war. In June, 1866,

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Francis Joseph found himself involved in a struggle with his two neighbors, one claiming the lead in Germany, the other the recovery of Venetia for a reunited Italy.

This essay would have to run to the size of a volume if any attempt were made to describe the six weeks' war. The Austrian army, despite the fact that it had only the old muzzle-loader as against the needle-gun, never fought better than it did on the field of Sadowa, and with a little superior judgment in the strategy of the campaign the result might have been different. In Italy it defeated Victor Emanuel's troops at Custozza, and the young Austrian navy gained an imperishable renown at Lissa. But on the main scene of conflict the God of Battles had pronounced his award, and Francis Joseph decided with admirable promptitude to make all the sacrifices to obtain immediate peace. He gave up Venetia to France for transfer to Italy; he assented to the exclusion of Austria from the German Diet, which was reconstituted as the North German Confederation under the leading of Prussia. For fifteen years Francis Joseph had striven, not without hope of success, for that lead himself, and now he had to resign it without chance of recovery. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but if Austrian statesmen had then and there decided that, excluded from Germany, their country should also cease to be a German power, the future might have held some compensation.

If it was mainly due to the Emperor's influence that peace was so promptly made, the impression of this sanguinary struggle, completing that of 1859, on the Emperor's mind was to increase his horror of war. In a military state the head of the country cannot pronounce himself against the army, but Francis Joseph resolved that so far as he could help it there should be no more wars for his people in his time. He succeeded in giving his country over forty-five years of unbroken peace, and on several occasions, as everybody knew, war was only averted by his personal intervention and fixed determination.

After Villafranca, Francis Joseph had turned to internal reforms; after the treaty of Prague, to do so was still more politic. In 1865 he had visited Pesth and raised Hungarian hopes; the time had come to justify them. For the purpose the Emperor took into his service the Saxon minister, Count Beust, who had always been a good friend to Austria. Beust was convinced that the only way to save the

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Austrian Empire was to settle all difficulties with the Magyars. The same year that was marked in red characters by Sadowa witnessed the signing of the Ausgleich by which Hungary came into repossession of her ancient and never-abandoned rights. Hungary was recognized as a separate kingdom, a Hungarian ministry was created, and the Emperor of Austria proceeded to Pesth to be crowned King of Hungary. It was then that the dual state of Austria-Hungary was born.

But the concession to the Magyars had only stimulated the other races to demand national and autonomic rights, and among the other races the Czechs of Bohemia were not less vehement and formidable than the Magyars of Hungary. But the Czechs were the more exasperating critics of the upholders of the *status quo,* because they wanted an enlarged Bohemian kingdom which would include large districts under Prussian authority. Their ambition led them to play with the idea of joining hands with either France or Russia, and thus they were disloyal, at least in their thoughts, by looking for aid beyond the common frontier. But as the greater Bohemia was an idle dream, so, too, were the proposed measures for attaining it. The Czechs refused to recognize the Austrian Parliament or to send deputies to it and for a time Bohemia was administered by martial law. The triumph of Prussia in the war with France exercised a calming influence in Bohemia, for it ended the prospect of external aid from the most hopeful quarter.

This moment was adroitly seized by the Emperor and the new principle of federalism was adopted in the teeth of the opposition of the German members of the Reichsrath. In 1871 the Bohemians were given the promise of their separate Diet at Prague, and Francis Joseph declared his readiness to inaugurate the new constitution by a fresh coronation. But unfortunately the forces arrayed against the scheme were too strong and it could not be carried out, yet the principle of federalism became the motive force in the dual state. The Emperor felt deeply his inability to fulfil his promise; his minister resigned; but one of the main reasons for his subsequent support of Count Taaffe, a Bohemian nobleman of Irish descent, was his conviction that he would discover some way of propitiating Czech opinion. In this hope he was not disappointed. The Czechs, deprived of their own constitution, would not send deputies to the

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Reichsrath. This left the German element supreme in that assembly, and no ministry could retain office if it failed to please that party. But in 1881 Taaffe succeeded in inducing them to adopt a more reasonable attitude. The deputies were elected to restore the balance of parties in the Reichsrath at Vienna, several prominent Czechs were admitted into the cabinet, and the long-disputed Prague University question was settled by the Czech and German languages being placed on an equal footing. For the first time the people of Bohemia had some reason to think that Austrian policy approximated to the ideal laid down by Francis II.: "*Justitia ergo omnes nationes est fundamentum Austriæ.*" The old ideal of a distinct Bohemian kingdom remains a living hope, but it is no longer associated with any desire for separation from Austria.

In Galicia it was easier to gain adhesion for federalism because there was no claim of separate sovereignty or inherited constitution to be brought into the opposite scale. The Austrian Poles were happy and lightly treated in comparison with their kinsmen under Prussia and Russia. Indeed, it was one of the ironies of history that at the moment when Gladstone denounced Austria as having done no good anywhere the Germans were complaining of her indulgence toward her Polish subjects. Federalism also gained popular sanction in the minor provinces or divisions of the Empire, each of which possesses its own Diet and also sends representatives to either the Austrian or the Hungarian Reichsrath. Whatever critics of Austrian stability may say to the contrary, federalism, for the inception of which the whole credit belongs to Francis Joseph, has solved the worst of Austria's internal difficulties. The parliamentary troubles relating to the use of the guillotine, the reconciling of free debate with the progress of the practical work of an administration, which are more or less common to all legislatures at the present time, are not to be magnified into the serious national dangers that confronted Francis Joseph at his accession and that were aggravated by two disastrous wars. Even the language question in the army is not of that profound and disintegrating nature. From one point of view it is a final effort by the German element to retain the old German privileges; from another it is merely a question of detail which could easily be manipulated with a little mutual goodwill and good temper.

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The great and distinctive change wrought in the Austrian Empire between the time of Francis Joseph's accession and the present time is that he found it a purely German power, and he leaves it one in which the German influence has sunk to a force of the second order. If a simple test of the truth of this statement were required it would be found in the fact that since Beust his principal ministers and advisers were Magyars, Poles, and Czechs. Indeed, but for two facts—the uniformity of the German language in the army and the close alliance with Prussia—it might be plausibly contended that Austria-Hungary was no longer a German power. Francis Joseph had the wisdom to allow this tendency to develop and to leave events to shape themselves. Only a violent effort, on the part of the Pan-Germans, utilizing Court and Church influences for their own ends to arrest or divert the natural course of affairs, would revive the racial peril in its original grave form. But whether successful or not, in the end it is clear that the attempt would produce a long and bitter struggle during which the value of Austria as an ally would be seriously diminished for Prussian purposes. The Pan-Germans, therefore, are not likely to receive much outside encouragement to carry on a vigorous propaganda until the hegemony of Prussia and its satellites is placed on a much securer basis than it is at present. In 1866 the victorious Bismarck excluded Austria from Germany. A waning of German influence on the Danube has necessarily followed, and the process cannot be arrested, although for many years the international situation and a formal alliance will compel Austria and north Germany to act together. The un-Germanizing of Austria has none the less been in steady and unarrested progress for nearly half a century.

But if the growth of racial equality is a feature of the reign of Francis Joseph, that of individual liberty is still more remarkable. In 1848 the Austrian subject of all states was amenable to a law that belonged to the Middle Ages. Maximilian and Charles V. would have seen in it their own handiwork. Cardinal Granville would have pronounced it strictly orthodox, but the reasons that can be pleaded against Motley's strictures on the sixteenth century do not apply to the nineteenth. Ferdinand's system was an anachronism. Francis Joseph gradually cut away from it the privileges and the prejudices of Church and caste. All

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traces of feudalism have gone. The noble has the same obligations as the peasant. The tiller of the ground is no longer a vassal. In the courts all are equal, cases must be heard in public, the right of appeal is admitted, torture has been abolished, corporal punishment is no longer inflicted in the army. In social relations Church law has been displaced by that of the state. The civil, not the religious, authorities grant divorce. The admission of the Jews—that great people who have neither dynasty nor constitution to hold them together, and yet who set an edifying example of union to the whole world—to an equal position as men with Christians provided the final proof that Austria had shaken off the bondage of an age gone never to return. Some critic has said that liberty in Austria is not perfect or complete because of the police supervision; but the same thing exists not merely in north Germany, but in Belgium, which is, in my opinion, a country where individual liberty stands higher than in England. All states are mainly composed of honest people who have nothing to fear from reasonable police supervision.

But there is another molding and creative process through which Austria has been passing—more especially in the last thirty years—that has exercised on what we may call home questions a moderating influence which was not dreamed of by the elder Kossuth and the other fiery minds of 1848. This is nothing more or less than the growth of prosperity and of what is known as material comfort. In 1848 Austria and its dependent states formed a poor country, backward in all the essentials of national well-being. The proletariat was badly fed, badly housed, a beast of burden not indeed driven by a Russian knout, for in Austria the national character in high and low has always possessed a kind of *bonhomie* which has arrested official severity on the brink of tyranny, but still not at liberty. There was no commercial class, such industry as went on was restricted to the petty home kind of the handicraftsmen, and capital was to all intents and purposes non-existent.

Sixty years have produced a complete revolution. The Austro-Hungarian Government, instead of having to deal with a revenue of about twelve millions sterling as in 1848, and with a budget always in deficit, now ranks with those that attain the hundred millions, and if the aid of the market is often needed, that is an operation to which in some form

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or other even Anglo-Saxon institutions have to condescend. But the most remarkable development of all has taken place in respect of the development of the natural resources of the country. In agricultural and mineral wealth it not only stands to-day in the first rank of European countries, but it is the one which, Russia excepted, holds forth the most brilliant future prospects. It produces all the minerals from gold to lead, and there are extensive proved but unworked coal-fields which only require the necessary capital to exploit them. The visible but unexploited mineral wealth of the country is beyond estimation and little realized outside Vienna. It justifies the belief that the progress of the last fifty years will be far exceeded in the course of the half-century that is to come.

Another question has been placed on the way to solution; this is the improvement of internal communications. In 1848 they were of the most primitive order, and some of the provinces were as completely cut off from the capital as if they were in China. Under Francis Joseph's guidance the two states have been endowed with a network of railways, and the Government has even felt rich enough to indulge in the luxury of making some railways for no other than strategical considerations. But the bulk of them can justify their existence on material grounds, and as a whole the railways pay the state a handsome surplus. Internal navigation has also been developed, and that magnificent river, the Danube, carries along a total in transport and traffic which entitles it to vie with the Rhine. While Austria by explosion and cutting has made a navigable channel at the Iron Gates and thus gained access to the Black Sea, she has also laid the basis of commercial and naval power in her ports on the Adriatic. Trieste is a successful rival to Venice; Pola and Fiume are among the chief naval stations of the Mediterranean; and if a nation ever dreams of the future, Austrians may be excused for thinking of Salonica. Finally, Austria is making enormous strides in population. Sixty years ago the Empire had less than half the population of France; to-day it contains thirteen million more people. France is stationary; the dual state adds three-quarters of a million of new subjects to its total population each year. The growth and development of the country in the time of Francis Joseph would provide a wide and fruitful field for interesting and instructive research if it

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could be explored without the old prejudice and seemingly ineradicable conviction that Austria-Hungary possesses no stable and assured existence.

That doubt brings us to one of our closing points—Francis Joseph's personal influence on the external policy of his Empire. For the first eighteen years of his reign his foreign policy was the one he had inherited. For over one hundred years the dominant sentiment in high circles in Vienna had been distrust of Prussia, and he showed that he shared it. Events justified it and the only ground for censure would lie in Austria's neglect to provide against them. In addition to his views about Prussia, Francis Joseph had the desire common to every one to retain what he possessed—hence his tenacity in clinging to so much of northern Italy. We have seen how he lost the Italian provinces and the first place, or even the claim to it, in Germany. But a few words are required as to the effect produced by those humiliations on the mind of Francis Joseph and through it on Austria's policy.

After Sadowa two courses lay at the choice of Francis Joseph. He might quite naturally have allowed his memories to rankle and devoted himself to the task of preparing for his revenge. He would have replaced the muzzle-loader in the hands of his soldiers with a breech-loader as quickly as possible, he would have armed the Czech people, which he had refused to do in 1866, and finally he would have entered into an alliance with France. He did none of these things, not because they were not suggested to him, but because he rejected altogether the old policy of jealousy, rancor, and rivalry toward Prussia. These sentiments are even now far from being dead in some Austrian circles, but Francis Joseph stifled them in his own breast after the peace of Prague. The whole truth about the pseudo negotiations of 1870 has not yet been given to the world, and whatever certain Austrian ministers may have said or promised to French representatives, it is indisputable that when words had to be translated into acts Francis Joseph would have imposed his veto.

Francis Joseph had done with the past. His visit to Berlin in 1872 to meet the Emperor of Russia was in itself a revelation of timidity, as if protection might be found in the association of three Emperors against the avidity of any one of them. The Emperors' league was a very

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good arrangement for fair weather, but it could not hinder the natural march of events or prevent political problems from reaching a critical phase.

In 1876 the Eastern question became once more acute, and in the following year war broke out between Russia and Turkey. Austria took steps to safeguard her interests in the lower Danube, and Russia gave assurances at Vienna that her troops would not enter Servia. When the Russians were stopped at Plevna they suggested that they might send a force through Servian territory, but Austria did not accede to the request, and when the treaty of peace was made she occupied Herzegovina and Bosnia with a force of 200,000 men and 450 guns. It is true that for this step she obtained a European mandate, but none the less it was a vigorous assertion of Austria's right to take action beyond her frontiers. The step was judicious as well as vigorous. It was not, as many critics thought, to prove a drain on Austria's strength; it was destined to add a new nationality to the "United Men" under the Hapsburg throne. Thirty years after this temporary occupation in the interests of Europe Herzegovina-Bosnia had become contented and assured members of the Austrian federation.

It is, therefore, clear that, despite his desire for peace and his unswerving personal resolve to do everything in his power to maintain it, the Emperor Francis Joseph has been more than once confronted with the prospect that he might have to draw the sword. It is the inevitable accompaniment of having a foreign policy at all that a ruler or Government must be prepared to support what is done with strong measures. Yet the Emperor's well-known aversion to war and horror of its consequences long counted for much in the maintenance of peace. It deterred his own ministers from forcing war-like counsels on him, and it provided a moral support for those who pleaded for the gentler way. Nor was this the end or limit of his pacific influence. The conviction that Francis Joseph favored peace under almost any circumstances produced a corresponding sentiment in other capitals, and in some we do not doubt that there grew up a desire that the closing years of the august peace advocate should not be pained by the horrid din of war. That hope has not been realized; let the believers in universal peace take warning.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

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THE HORRORS OF PEACE

BY EDGAR STANTON MACLAY, A.M.

ADVOCATES of disarmament and universal peace have said and written so much about the "horrors of war" that it will be interesting to inquire what those horrors were and how they compare with the "horrors of peace." It may develop, possibly, that horrors, even greater than those of war, have been avoided by well-fought battles and by the maintenance of an efficient military service.

One of the greatest military disasters in modern history was Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. In truth, it was one of the greatest horrors of war within the ken of man; yet recent research shows that the dreadful features of that campaign have been systematically and persistently exaggerated. It is known that Napoleon started with 400,000 or more men, and that he returned with a mere "remnant," variously estimated from 10,000 to 30,000 men—leaving the inference that the rest of the army perished in the rigors of a Northern winter or were slain by Cossacks and Russian peasants.

This inference has been encouraged by French, German, and Russian painters, who depicted wholesale butcheries of the retreating soldiers. Evidently these artists seized upon extreme instances of inhumanity (and, without doubt, there were such instances), having in view a more satisfactory sale of their canvases. From a business viewpoint these painters were right. With many people there is a craving for the extreme, the unusual, the sensational. Had these artists selected the commonplace incidents of that retreat, their pictures would have been of less financial value, and copies of them would not have been so industriously circulated all over the world by peace advocates—misleading the public into the belief that these unusual instances of horror were the rule rather than the exception, and that of Na-

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poleon's magnificent army of 400,000 or more men only 10,000 to 30,000 survived.

Recent investigation shows that fewer than 20,000 Frenchmen were killed in this entire campaign, and that fewer than 40,000 perished in the cold. A better acquaintance with the Cossacks shows that they were not "bloodthirsty wolves." It would be difficult to find to-day a more simple, kind-hearted class of men in all Europe, and there is every reason to believe that the Cossack of 1814 would be just as hesitant in slaying a defenseless foe as any American soldier of to-day. The Russian peasant has been persistently represented as butchering whole squads of helpless French officers and troops. Undoubtedly there were rare instances in which villagers, roused to fury by outrages perpetrated by the soldiers, slaughtered groups of Napoleon's men; but the very fact that these were exceptional and sensational cases led the artists to seize upon them as subjects for more salable pictures. Like the Cossack, the Russian peasant was imbued with all the natural kind-heartedness so characteristic of Europeans of the "lower class." That they should suddenly become fiendish butchers of defenseless men is as improbable as it is libelous on their well-known disposition for hospitality toward the stranger within their gates.

It is now well established that thousands upon thousands of Napoleon's troops, on being made prisoners by the Russians, were treated humanely. Great numbers of the wounded were taken into peasant homes, carefully nursed, and well provided for. Indeed, thousands of these soldiers were so pleased with the treatment they received from their captors that they remained in the country of their captivity —marrying into Russian families, as is shown by the large number of family names in Muscovy to-day which are unmistakably of French origin. Many other thousands of these French prisoners, after the permanent cessation of hostilities, when they felt sure that they would not again be "conscripted" into French armies, gradually made their way back to France—not much the worse for their detention in the Land of the Czars. In the light of these facts, we can see how the horrors of the Moscow campaign have been monstrously exaggerated.

But, even when divested of its exaggerations, the Russian campaign was a scene of the greatest war horror in modern

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history. Yet there have been vastly greater horrors which can be directly attributed to the results of disarmament, which universal peace advocates make no mention of. For centuries the original Chinese and Hindus have been practical advocates of non-preparation for war and for the concentration of their energies in the arts of peace. In the latter effort they have been conspicuously successful, exceeding Europe in many specialties. Centuries ago they discovered gunpowder and reduced it to practical non-military use. They invented the immovable block type; they dressed in silks and fine linen, manufactured the finest porcelains and bronzes, made exquisite embroideries, carved marvelous designs on ivory—but consistently and persistently neglected the art of war. The result has been that for centuries the original Chinese have been the victims of unnumbered foreign invasions which, in most instances, were attended with wholesale butcheries of men, women, and children vastly exceeding in horror any incident of European warfare. It is of record that, in the seventeenth century, one of the cities in southern China was captured by the Manchu invaders, and 800,000 natives were slaughtered in cold blood. The Manchus advocated giving part of their energies to the art of war; the original Chinese advocated the concentration of their energies in the arts of peace.

Even more horrible than these foreign invasions was the devastation wrought in China by famine, plagues, and the practice of infanticide—all the result of over-population. When a race puts aside all preparation for war and concentrates its energies in the walks of peace, the inevitable result has been a rapid increase of population. For centuries China has been subjected to the horrors of a congested population, which periodical famines, plagues, and the practice of infanticide (whereby millions upon millions have been exterminated) have failed to permanently relieve. The horrors of war in western Europe have been many times exceeded by the horrors of peace in eastern Asia.

Without doubt the greatest war horror in which the United States has been involved was that between the North and the South in 1861–65. The following casualty statistics bearing on that struggle are taken from the compilation made by Thomas L. Livermore, of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, as published in 1900:

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One of the best-known battles of that war was Gettysburg, in which 3,155 Northerners and 3,903 Southerners were killed, a total of 7,058. During the half-century following the Civil War there have been many times that total of men, women, and children killed in railway and street-car accidents. Indeed, if peace advocates will as elaborately compile the total of railway fatalities in the United States since 1865, it will be found that the "horrors of railroading" exceed all the "horrors" of the Civil War—and these "horrors of peace" are being repeated many times every year. We have celebrated the hundred years of peace between the United States and Great Britain—a peace made possible by two hard-fought wars between these nations. When will the advocates of peace celebrate a hundred years (or even one year) of no "railway horrors" in the United States?

In the desperate fighting at Chickamauga, September 19, 20, 1863, the Federals had 1,657 killed, and the Confederates 2,312, or a total of 3,969—a figure that by no means is equal to the number of men, women, and children who, in the last fifty years, have lost their lives amid the "horrors of aquatic pleasures" like boating, fishing, swimming, and yachting.

In the two days' battle of Antietam, 2,108 Northerners and 2,700 Southerners were killed; total 4,808—a smaller number of men than those who have perished in coal and metal mine disasters in the United States since 1865. In the seven days' battle of June 25 to July 1, 1862, the Unionists had 1,734 killed and the Confederates 3,478; total, 5,212. More than that number of men, women, and children have perished during the last half-century in Sunday-school picnic and church-structure disasters. At the battle of Fair Oaks the Northerners had 790 killed and the Southerners 980, total 1,770; which by no means surpasses the number of young Americans killed in athletic games (collegiate and professional) since 1865.

Mr. Livermore has computed the total fatalities of the Civil War as follows: total number of Unionists killed, mortally wounded, or died of disease, 359,528; and of Confederates, 153,297! making a grand total of 512,825. A ghastly summary, and one that may well be described as one of the greatest horrors in modern history. It meant that there were thousands upon thousands of newly created

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widows, and thousands upon thousands of fatherless children in the United States, suffering all the attendant and consequent miseries resulting from a violent severance of the tenderest of human ties. It must not be forgotten, however, that from the close of the Civil War to this day an even more ghastly total has been added up, a greater number of widows have been created and a much larger number of innocent children have been rendered fatherless or motherless in the "horrors" of our divorce courts. From 1867 to 1906 a total of 1,274,341 divorces were granted in the United States. This means that 2,548,682 American husbands and wives have been arrayed against one another in legal battles for the "violent severance of the tenderest of human ties." The half-million of men who sacrificed their lives in the Civil War were contending over a great principle of government and the question of slavery. The records of our divorce courts show that eighty-eight per cent. of these two and a half million husbands and wives were contending over questions of cruelty, desertion, adultery, and drunkenness. Which is the more deplorable, the "horrors of the Civil War" or the "horrors of our divorce courts"?

In the history of the United States Navy we find that the horrors of war were reduced to a minimum, while the material benefits to this country and world-wide civilization—as a result of the achievements of American sea forces—reached the maximum. It has been clearly demonstrated that, without the assistance of American and French sea-power, our struggle for independence would have been greatly prolonged if not permanently baffled. It was solely by means of our swift-sailing craft (manned by the most daring and skilful seamen of their day) that American produce was carried to the West Indies and Europe, exchanged for indispensable military supplies, and those supplies brought back to the United States. It was solely by means of our sea forces that American agents were able to reach Europe, plead the cause of the Colonies, and raise loans for carrying on the struggle.

It was the American sea-fighter who carried the war into the enemy's country, throwing their coasts into alarm and causing unprecedented losses to the all-powerful English mercantile classes. Fully 800 English vessels were captured, more than 10,000 British seamen, and 1,000 English

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and German troops were made prisoners on the high seas. All these vitally important services were accomplished with the loss of only 474 men killed in the Continental Navy, which was composed of about three thousand officers and enlisted men. This would be an average of 68 men killed in each of the seven years of the war—a death-rate considerably below that arising from natural causes.

In the two and a half years' war against France, all the work was done by the navy—and most important work it was. Had not French depredations on American commerce been firmly checked, the development of our new nation would have been seriously impeded. Since the close of that war, France has not materially interfered with American commerce. In that struggle our navy was engaged in eight sea fights, in which a total of 24 Americans were killed in a service employing about 2,000 officers and men. It is more than probable that a larger number of Americans in private life, in this same two and a half years, were killed through accidents in saw-mills, in felling trees, hunting, or fishing.

In the four years of our navy's operations against the piratical states of Barbary, the total number of Americans killed was 53, or an average of 14 for each year of the war. As a direct result of these operations a death-blow was given to a system of white slavery which had disgraced Europe for centuries. Even in the then short career of the United States, hundreds of American men, women, and children had been subjected to the horrors of Mussulman bondage, while untold thousands of Christians had been held in hopeless captivity. Thirty thousand Christian slaves, under a burning sun and negro task-masters, were engaged for twenty years in building the mole in the harbor of Algiers. Surely the horrors of peace with those piratical states were vastly more horrible than the horrors of our four years' war against them.

The war of 1812–15 may justly be called the "war for the maintenance of American independence." Although nothing was mentioned in the Treaty of Ghent about Great Britain's "right" to interfere with American vessels on the high seas, it is significant that for the succeeding hundred years we have had little cause for complaint on that point, and in all that period the American commercial flag has been duly respected by civilized nations in every part of the navigable globe. Also it is significant that from 1815

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our commerce entered upon an era of prosperity which at the beginning of the Civil War made the United States the second commercial power of the world. Not only did this war firmly establish our commercial position among the nations of the earth, but it prevented Great Britain from carrying out her well-defined plan of confining the United States east of the Mississippi and the Great Lakes. British operations on Lakes Champlain, Ontario, and Erie, and, finally, the naval and land attacks on New Orleans, were undertaken with the avowed purpose of merging the Canadas and Louisiana into one vast domain, thereby cutting the United States off from the great West.

That our sea forces were the principal factors in frustrating this far-reaching scheme must be admitted by any fair-minded person who impartially considers the situation. Disaster after disaster overwhelmed our land forces, while a most unexpected series of brilliant victories was won by our sea forces, both on the ocean and on inland waters. That England then regarded the Great Lakes as belonging exclusively to her is shown in the following extract from the London *Times* of November 18, 1813:

> We must again and again call upon them [the ministers] to make arrangements for retrieving the temporary subversion of our superiority on the American lakes. They are a portion of our marine dominion which must on no account be yielded.

In this war the navy, manned by about 5,000 men, was engaged in thirty-one battles, and had a total of 313 men killed, or an average of 105 for each of the three years of the struggle—which is considerably below the normal death-rate for that number of men under peace conditions. There have been flood disasters in the United Sates whereby more lives were lost than the total fatalities in both the American and British land and sea forces engaged in the War of 1812.

In the Mexican War the United States Navy was engaged in thirteen battles on land and sea, sustaining a total loss of only 54 killed in a force of about 4,000 men. It was principally through the energetic efforts of Captains Thomas ap Catesby Jones, John Drake Sloat, and Robert Field Stockton, and the sailors and marines under them, that that enormous territory now occupied by the States of California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico became part of the United States. Captain Sloat took possession of the harbor of Monterey only a

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few days before Admiral Sir George F. Seymour arrived there in the 80-gun ship of the line *Collingwood* on the same errand.

In the four years of the Civil War our navy, manned by 55,000 men, was engaged in 67 battles, and sustained a total loss of 943 men killed, or an average of less than 250 for each year of the war. Many ocean-steamship horrors have occurred since 1865 which represent a larger loss of human life. The Civil War settled a great principle of government and brought about the abolition of slavery in the United States. Without the assistance of our sea forces, it may well be doubted if the North could have prevented the disruption of the Union.

More than 130,000 square miles of territory came under the control of the United States as a result of the war with Spain, the total number of men killed in our navy being only 16 out of the 60,000 engaged. The number of automobile fatalities in this country in the year 1898 exceeded the total number of Americans, in army or navy, killed in the Spanish War.

From the foregoing it must be evident that the "horrors" of war have been greatly exceeded by the "horrors of peace." While due prominence has been given to the latter at the time of their occurrence, the tendency on the part of the public has been to forget them, or at least to recall them with diminishing thrill as time passes. As to the horrors of war, a number of circumstances have united in keeping them prominently before the people. It is natural for the man returning from war to recount the perils and privations he has been through. As a rule, the men who were actually on the firing-line have been modest, moderate, and even reticent in their narratives. Not so, however, with their friends, relatives, and business or political associates. A good war record always has proved a valuable and legitimate personal asset. In all countries and in all ages it has given the returned hero a well-earned and properly accorded distinction in commercial, professional, ecclesiastical, social, and all other circles; and, very naturally and commendably, his friends see to it that the horrors of war shall be kept before the public with as much of their original freshness as possible.

Ably seconding these worthy efforts are the artists, novelists, and narrators of war, who, recognizing the public taste

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for the sensational, have seized upon extreme instances as their subjects—in some cases "coloring" them beyond actualities. The portrayal of the many less repulsive features of war would not be as profitable, financially, as the "limit of horror" scenes.

Now that we have organized societies advocating disarmament and universal peace—some of them endowed with a million dollars or more and paying desirable salaries to their agents—we can expect that the horrors of war will be paraded on a larger and more horror-inspiring scale than ever before. We will arrive at a clearer comprehension of the situation, however, if we keep in mind that all these powerful agencies for keeping the dark side of war fresh in the public mind are almost wholly lacking in recording the many times more numerous and greater horrors of peace. It is further to be remembered that our horrors of war arose in struggles for some principle of government—liberty, religion, social and political equality, for the defense of homes against foreign invasion, for the acquisition of more territory for a great and growing people, or for some definite objective looking to the permanent good of the nation.

Were the half-million men who lost their lives in the Civil War sacrificed in vain when that struggle resulted in the Union remaining intact and the wiping out of human slavery in the United States? Northern women and children who suffered the keenest anguish, through the loss of husbands, sons, brothers, and fathers in that war, would be the first to declare that they would make the sacrifice again for such a cause. Could such a noble answer be expected of the thousands upon thousands of women and children who have lost husbands, sons, brothers, and parents in mining and steamboat disasters?

The American public does not feel that the comparatively small number of men who have perished in all our wars have been sacrificed in vain when great principles have been maintained and territory has been acquired in which to spread a higher civilization. The horrors of peace have resulted in a vastly greater loss of life and the entailment of immeasurably greater domestic sorrow than the horrors of war—and all this without the saving grace of having attained a distinct national advance or advantage.

It is far from the purpose of this article to advocate war or to minimize its horrors. War is horrible, and no class of men

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has pronounced more emphatically against it than those who have been actively engaged in it. Sherman said, "War is hell"; Grant exclaimed, "Let us have peace"; and the great Farragut wrote, "I would that wars ceased forever." When Decatur boarded the British frigate *Macedonian*, after the naval battle of October 25, 1812, he witnessed "a scene so horrible of my fellow-creatures, I assure you, deprived me very much of the pleasure of victory." It is contended, however, that so far back as the knowledge of man goes, wars have occurred, and that, so long as there is nothing to justify the belief that wars will cease in the immediate future,[1] earnest attention should be given to the most scientific, advanced, and complete preparation for immediate war in order to insure the continued advance of the world's highest civilization. Even the peace-loving Puritans and Quakers so far overcame their scruples as to take up arms and forcibly sweep the savages of North America from the paths of progress.

We must not close our eyes to the fact that there are fewer than thirty million square miles of land suitable for the support of mankind on this globe. Centuries of experience show that this land will not support more than an average of 100 persons per square mile; so the world's population would seem to be limited to three thousand millions. Already the earth's population exceeds half this limit. If all nations are to cease preparations for war and concentrate their energies in the pursuit of peace and happiness, the world's population will be more than three thousand millions in a single generation.

Obviously, if the world's population is not kept down by war, it must be restricted by other means. It is for the advocates of disarmament and universal peace to decide whether or not war is more horrible than the practice of infanticide, the burial alive of widows with their deceased husbands (now modified by the prohibition of widows marrying again), the periodical extermination of millions of men, women, and children by ruthless foreign invaders or by famine, pestilence, and floods, or by the wholesale prevention of children before they have had a chance to demonstrate their fitness to survive.

[1] This article was written before there was any indication of the present European outbreaks.

EDGAR STANTON MACLAY.

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AUTOCRACY AND BUREAUCRACY IN RUSSIA

BY NEVIN O. WINTER

"WE, Nicholas II., by God's Grace Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias," etc.

This is the official style of all imperial proclamations, or *ukases,* of the Czar of Russia. It is a big job, this matter of being the Little Father to one hundred and sixty millions of people, of many diverse nationalities, and spread over almost one-sixth of the landed surface of the globe.

"You will find the burden heavy," said Nicholas I. to his son Alexander, as he lay dying. And, indeed, it is a weighty load that rests on the shoulders of the Czar. It has caused the untimely death of more than one of the predecessors of Nicholas II. His father, Alexander III., was strong and vigorous when the nihilist bomb brought about his accession in 1881. Attempts upon and threats against his own life, and the unceasing efforts made to combat the revolutionists, broke him down after thirteen short years. His death was doubtless as much the result of his terrible experiences as if he had fallen by the hand of an assassin. Nicholas I., who ruled from 1825 to 1855, welcomed the approach of death while his country was almost rent asunder by the Crimean War. Alexander I. (1801–1825) started out with liberal impulses, and did more than any one else to free Europe from the domination of Napoleon, but his later years were filled with unhappiness over what he considered the ingratitude of his people.

It is needless to give more examples of the unfortunate Autocrats of Russia. The five who have held that title within the past century have all been men of honest intentions, and gifted with a genius for hard work, but less happiness

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has been their lot than that of the majority of peasants within the empire. So do not envy the Czar his autocratic power, for he himself is the victim of a system and circumstances.

Russian autocracy was not a spontaneous development, but was rather a growth. A study of history clearly shows that the Russian autocracy was a product of the people themselves. Furthermore, it may be said that in after years, when the people might have thrown off this yoke, they preferred to re-establish it. In the early days of Russian history, before the consolidation of the petty principalities, the death of each Grand Prince brought about a struggle among his various heirs until the strongest came into control of all that his father had governed. In the years 1228–1462 Russia suffered no fewer than ninety internecine conflicts, and almost twice as many foreign wars.

Beggars cannot be choosers, and a people who had endured so many troubles, as well as a hard alien yoke—that of the Tartars—would be thankful for any change that promised betterment and came from Moscow. That city had already become the home of the head of the Russian Church, and the Prince of Moscow was looked upon as the eldest son of the Church. Ivan III. married Sofia Paleologa, a niece of the last of the Byzantine emperors. Sofia never gave up her title of Byzantine Empress, and she left to her descendants an unquenchable longing to establish themselves again at Constantinople. In so far as it was possible, Sofia transferred her prestige to Moscow and shared it with her husband. From this time the Byzantine coat of arms, the double eagle, appears on the Russian Imperial seal. At the same time the outward ceremonial and pomp was increased. His son, Ivan IV., known as the Terrible, took the full Cæsarean title—Czar is a corruption of Cæsar—and proceeded to eclipse all Byzantine records in cruelty, treachery, and superstition. Peter and Catharine, both called the Great, the first real reformers, accomplished even more for the ultimate benefit of autocracy than for the profit of the people.

In theory autocracy, as represented in Russia, means that all the functions of power, the legislative, the administrative, and the judicial, are concentrated in the hands of the sovereign. In other words, the three functions of government into which our own country is divided are settled

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absolutely upon the Czar. As a matter of fact, none of the Czars have ruled alone, unless it was Peter the Great. They have always had the support of a powerful ruling caste, or oligarchy. In addition to the functions of the secular government the Czar is also the official head of the Russian Orthodox Church—the Pope, so to speak. According to the school of sentimentalists, who uphold this form of government, the Czar is mystically commissioned and inspired not only from the bosom of his own people, but even from a higher source. The proclamations from the throne always have this semi-religious tone, as though the Autocrat and Divinity were in some way linked together.

Even a slight consideration of the subject will show that such a government in reality is an impossibility, unless the sovereign should be gifted with the omniscience of the Almighty. It would be a physical impossibility for one man to decide all the details of government over the Russian Empire. For comparison, consider all of our state governments wiped out; state governors, who were merely appointees of the central government; county and township officials, who were responsible only to the head government and not representatives of the people; every detail over our entire country ruled from Washington by a single executive. And yet we have neither so many people nor so many problems to meet as Russia. In addition to the primary acts of government, not a single charitable institution can be founded, a business corporation formed, a school established, or a bed endowed in a hospital, without the solemnly registered consent of the Autocrat. No man, even though he might be superhuman, could make himself even superficially acquainted with more than a small fraction of the acts which are every day done in the name of the Czar of all the Russias.

Where the oversight of the Autocrat ceases, the power of the oligarchs, the men who have been able to capture the prestige of the Autocrat, begins, and they use it in such ways as they think necessary or desirable. The system results in no responsibility and no individual competency. It strikes where it would not strike, is too late in being lenient, and never foresees what is under its very nose. In this twentieth century, with the accession of immense Asiatic territories and their many complicated questions, it is impossible for the Autocrat to rule even as did Peter the Great in

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his time. But Peter the Great himself was an unusual man, gifted with almost superhuman energy and endurance, while the present Czar, Nicholas II., is, according to those who have made the closest study of modern Russia, the weakest emperor that Russia has had for at least a century. "In Russia," says a writer, "the Emperor is often officially described as the 'Supreme Will,' but what is to happen if the Supreme Will ceases to will, that is, disappears? At that moment Autocracy disappears too, and gives place to wholesale oligarchy."

The Russian supporters of autocracy would say that the exercise of the various functions of government is delegated to special departments, whose powers are rigorously determined by law. One less in love with the government would sum it all up in the one word Bureaucracy. There are bureaus for this, bureaus for that, and bureaus for the other. The bureaus are grouped under departments. At the head of each of the bureaus is a chief, and at the head of each department is a Minister. Under the chiefs are subchiefs, and so on down to the humblest clerk. Everything must be referred to an upper official; that official refers it to the one next higher; this official passes it on to his bureau; the bureau official relieves himself by submitting it to the department, and so on. It is little wonder that every department is months behind with its work. At the head of this system there is generally some commanding figure, who exercises the real power of government through his ascendancy over the man who, by the accident of birth, occupies the throne.

With a man who is himself rather weak and vacillating, it is much more easy for some strong personality to acquire such ascendancy than if the sovereign himself were a man of indomitable will. This man—or these men—not only exercise the ordinary function of an executive, but also have heretofore done all the acts which are ordinarily left to a legislative assembly by means of decrees and official *ukases*. The Duma has as yet not greatly changed this condition of affairs. Through their control of the Judiciary they also practically exercise this most important function of the government, which should dispense justice impartially to the many millions of subjects. Although the Emperor is officially regarded as its head, he does not take part in judicial decisions. The Senate, however, which is appointed

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and can be removed at any time by the Autocrat, is now the Supreme Court. It is divided into nine sections, of which two render judgment in political cases and charges against officials. Its members are generally men of rank and substance.

At the head of the Bureaucracy, until the advent of the Duma, stood the Council of the Empire, which was composed wholly of nominees made by the Emperor and his Ministers. Some of the members are now elective. The initiative in all legislation was and still is supposedly left to the Czar, or at least is promulgated in his name. After being thus launched, these projects are supposed to be studied by the Ministry interested, or by special commission appointed for this purpose, and afterwards in a general meeting. After this formality had been gone through with, under the old order, they were presented to the Emperor, together with the opinions of the Council, if it should be divided in opinion, and it was at this point that the strong will of the master-mind was exercised. The decision arrived at became the law. The Emperor might ignore the opinions of the Council, might refuse to listen to any suggestions, and proceed to legislate independently. Regardless of the Duma, and promises made to the people for it, such an act was promulgated not more than a couple of years ago. There are a number of instances since the meeting of the first Duma in 1906.

At the head of the civil administration are two bodies. One of these, the Council of Ministers, which consists of all the Ministers and any person whom the Czar likes to call to his aid, appears only occasionally. The Committee of Ministers, a larger body with wider and undefined powers, has taken its place. The Minister of the Interior, who has control over the police, press censorship, provincial governors, and the Zemstva, and the Minister of Finance, who has control over taxation, the tariff, and the liquor monopoly, together with the Procurator of the Holy Synod, are the governing chiefs. The other ministers are those of War, Marine, Justice, Foreign Affairs, Agriculture, Commerce, Ways of Communication, Public Instruction, the Imperial Household, and Imperial Domains.

In local affairs there are two important centers of popular power—the Zemstva and the Mir. In the central government there is no representative of the people, and no tie,

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excepting that which would bind a master and subject. The Autocrat is a law unto himself, acknowledging no responsibility. But the fact that contradictory decrees have appeared in recent years, one closely following the other, shows that either his own mind is very unsettled or there is at least a temporary master over him. It is little wonder that with this arbitrariness and vacillation, the hatred of Bureaucracy is a sentiment that is rapidly growing among all classes of Russians. If some satisfactory vent is not given to this feeling, or the Duma made a freer body, the same resentment will eventually be directed against the throne. The influence of the Church, and the natural conservatism of the agricultural peasants, have up to this time crushed such sentiment. The laboring classes in the cities are not so conservative.

The central government, it may be said, is an unwieldy body, with a hopeless confusion of functions. An unfortunate dualism of control and overlapping of authority likewise limits the efficiency in many instances. The most noticeable overlapping is in the police service. The local police are under the control of the provincial governor, who is subject to the Minister of the Interior. The political police receive their orders direct from St. Petersburg. The political police have the authority to order the local police to help them. Hence the orders of the governor are inferior to those of the political police. The political police themselves are divided into the Defense Section and the gendarmes, but they are under dual control.

Between the various ministries there is no affection, and the officials are frequently personal enemies as well as rivals for the Imperial favor. The most noted instance in recent years was during the incumbency of Witte and Plehve. Both of these were men of strong will, great energy, and remarkable ability. The efficiency of each was lessened by the antagonism of the other. Add to the faults of the central body those of provincial administration, and the complexity increases. In most countries local government is self-government; in Russia, it is the field of the worst tyranny.

Along administrative lines the Empire is quite artificially divided into many governments; these are subdivided into districts, which are again parceled out into "stations." At the head of each of the governments stands a governor,

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who acts for the central government in general by promulgating laws and making decisions which have the force of law in matters of public decency and safety. He also represents the Ministry of the Interior, which makes him practically chief of police of the province. It is a powerful position, and is more often than not held by a soldier, who knows little about civil affairs, and is used only to the arbitrary methods of the army. If the governor does not become a tyrant, it is because there is a despotic superior over him.

Each Ministry likewise has its own bureau in each province, which is independent of the governor, and these still further complicate the situation. The minor districts into which the government is divided are practically ruled by police colonels nominated by the governor. Each official is an autocrat in a way, subject only to the autocrats over him. The " stations " are each under the control of a police captain. These men receive small salaries, and aim to recruit their finances by perquisites and " tips " of many kinds. There are many more officials than will be found in similar offices in the United States or England. The city of Moscow has a Governor-General, and there are some other local variations to the general rule. Absolute autocracy might be expected to result in a simple, even if rigid, form of government; as a matter of fact, in Russia it is one of the most complicated systems of government to be found anywhere.

" There are thousands of laws in Russia," says one writer, " but there is nó law. The country is cursed with over-legislation of the most freakish and mischievous kind." The official *ukases* of the Czar and other officials, which have the force of law, fill scores of volumes. This condition would probably exist even if the autocracy was little less than divine, as it is in theory, because the Czars themselves differed much in temperament. " Obedience to the sovereign power of the Emperor," says the Russian code, " is commanded by God himself, not only by fear, but in conscience."

" What does religion teach us as our duty to the Czar?" is a question in the catechism imposed on all schools.

" Worship, fidelity, the payment of taxes, service, love, and prayer; the whole being comprised in the words worship and fidelity," is the prescribed answer.

Complete freedom of religion is granted by the same code,

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but should a non-Orthodox church admit to its membership an Orthodox Russian, it would not only submit itself to reprisal, but will subject the Russian himself to a loss of all civil rights, and even imprisonment or exile. A recent law has granted a little more of religious freedom. Permission is now given to erect an edifice wherever there are fifty members of any denomination. But there is a clause forbidding all propaganda, and this clause is wide and vague. Propaganda is not defined, and would be left for interpretation to local authorities. Laws governing the Press fill a large volume, but special secret circulars are issued from time to time covering the petty details of journalism.

For a considerable period prior to the present national and international troubles the matter to be published in newspapers was not censored before publication, but the owner was held responsible for what appeared. If the proprietor overstepped the bounds, he was punished by forbidding the publishing of advertisements for a period, thus taking away the principle revenue; by prohibiting the public sale of the journal; or by entirely suspending his publication for a limited period, or absolutely. This method does not always prove successful, for a journal suspended one day will appear a day or two later under another name, and oftentimes in a still more virulent tone. The governor in any province can issue a standing order forbidding a newspaper to say anything abusive of the government or publish any false news. A violation will bring a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars. The decision as to what comes under these heads lies with the governor. A series of such fines will soon ruin the average newspaper. One can justly say that the freedom of the Press is still only comparative. The circulation of written or printed documents calculated to create a disrespect for the Czar are subject to severe penalties. Any disrespecting cartoon or slighting statement about the Czar in a foreign periodical will be blacked out before it is forwarded to the person to whom it is addressed.

An American living in Russia told me of a recent experience. A certain issue of *Life* reached him with a paragraph blacked so that it could not be made out. Curious to know what it was that aroused the ire of the censor, he wrote to the publishers and inclosed the page. This blacked paragraph, the original article, and the American's letter were

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then printed. When this copy reached the subscriber in Russia, the whole article, explanation and all, had been treated as before. The original article was simply a cartoon and harmless joke about the Czar.

An absolute ignoring of the rights of the individual is a natural development of such a bureaucracy. They seem to have transposed the common axiom of a democratic government to read that it is better for ten innocent men to suffer than one guilty man to escape. Conditions have not changed much in spite of recent official *ukases* guaranteeing the rights of individual freedom. On May 1, 1912—Labor Day—all men without collars were chased off the Nevski Prospect in St. Petersburg on to the side streets, in order to prevent a demonstration of working-men. A few days later, while memorial services were being held in one of the cathedrals of that city for the victims of the *Titanic,* the Cossacks, four abreast, rode down the sidewalks of the Nevski with their terrible whips in their hands, in an effort to antevert a meeting of the students who wanted to hold a memorial for some two hundred miners recently killed in the Ural Mountains. No one was hurt, as they got out of the way. This whip, called the *nagaika,* is heavy and solid, and made from twisted hide. At the butt is a loop for the wrist. Near the end is a jagged lump of lead firmly tied in the strands. When a Cossack rises in his stirrups to strike he can break a skull, and an ordinary blow is sufficient to slit the face or cripple for life. It is no wonder that the people run when they hear the cry "The Cossacks are coming."

The passport system has not been modified. When in Moscow, just prior to the Czar's memorable visit in June, 1912, the police made a house-to-house search for persons without passports, I saw squads of twenty and thirty persons — men, women, and children — marched through the streets between a solid phalanx of soldiers—poor peasants without these important papers. Most of them had come to the city in search of employment. Thousands were thus placed under arrest—as many as three thousand in one night, according to an account that I saw in London papers. Most of them were sent back to their villages, while others were held in confinement until the visit had ended. It was certainly a record "round-up." Cellars and attics were searched; the attics of houses along the line of march were

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locked up, for fear some one might get out on the roof and throw a bomb. The manager of one large establishment told me that he was obliged to board up a fire-escape which he had built for the protection of his employees. A special police officer called on me and put me through a searching category of questions. It was done very politely and considerately, and even apologetically, as if doing an unpleasant duty; and every stranger had the same experience.

"The people have as good a government as they deserve," said several foreigners to me. I cannot believe it in the face of the facts set forth here.

It is little wonder that in such a government official venality is not only a very ancient but a present evil in the Empire of the Czar. It is aggravated by the fact that officials are above the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts, and are only open to prosecution by their superiors. As these officials may be guilty of the same offense, how can they be expected to take the initiative against the minor official? The Crimean War opened the eyes of Alexander II. to the corruption which had pervaded every department of the government. That sovereign began the seemingly impossible task of cleaning his Augean stables. Much reform was undoubtedly accomplished. The war with Turkey, a little more than twenty years later, showed that the same abominable conditions had grown up right under the eyes of that astute monarch. Officialdom was reeking with depravity.

A quarter of a century later another great awakening came to Russia with the opening of the Russo-Japanese war. Like a deadly virus, corruption had spread throughout the entire political anatomy of the nation. The scandals in connection with the incompetency of the navy have been set forth by many writers. Some of the armor plate on vessels built in Russian ship-yards was made of wood instead of steel, an English authority states. Externally the fabric of Russian military and naval power was more imposing than it had ever been. The nominal expenditure had been increasing at the rate of fifty million dollars each year. The bugaboo of a powerful Russian navy and a nation with a million soldiers under arms had been frightening many governments prior to that time. The menacing shadow of the Russian bear had caused many a European monarch to shudder. But the corruption reached down to the very lowest officials.

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The ordinary police are notably inefficient. "Every policeman," said more than one foreigner to me in Russia, "has his price." Their method was explained to me by one fellow-countryman, who represents large American interests. The offices of the company were robbed one night, and the police were promptly notified. Everything was left in the disorder in which it was found for their inspection. No policeman appeared for two hours or more, and then they came in droves. The first question the officers asked was, how much loss had occurred. This the manager told them he was unable to say until he balanced the books. The police then began to look through every paper and envelope that they could find, opening up those which were sealed and scattering the contents about. When protest was made at this useless annoyance, they said that the matter was now in their hands and they would make investigations in their own way. Other droves of police continued to come in, and it was several hours before they left to endeavor to find the robbers. The matter was never heard of again officially until protest was made through diplomatic channels, and then only an assurance that a proper investigation would be made.

The Russian officials are usually pleasant gentlemen. There is generally an air of indolence and indifference present in the office. There are many people about, smoking cigarettes and sipping at their tea. While this is being done, there may be a crowd awaiting their attention or that of the chief. It takes about three men to do the work of one. Each one waits for orders from some one else; if orders do not come, it is safest to do nothing. Initiative will likely be punished. Each one feels that he is only bound to loyalty to his chief. In the government itself he has no part. If he is ambitious, obsequiousness is an excellent quality. But salaries are small, money is necessary, and opportunities for making money out of his office open up. The official is only human. Were local self-government established, there would undoubtedly be less corruption, for there would be responsible officials near at hand. The bureaus in St. Petersburg would not have to be consulted. The bureaus and ministries would not only be freed of much detail and annoyance, but blame would not be placed on them for every fault or neglect of a lower official.

NEVIN O. WINTER.

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CONVERSATIONS WITH PRINCE BISMARCK

Friedrichsruh, 1887–1890

BY W. B. RICHMOND

What I am about to write is an arrangement of notes made, and from letters written, at Friedrichsruh in November and December of 1887. My going there came about thus: I was staying with Sir Edward Malet, then British Ambassador at Berlin, and painting his and Lady Ermyntrude's portraits. To paint a head of Prince Bismarck was my ambition. Sir Edward very kindly wrote to the Prince and told him so; he acceded to our joint request. I was joyous, though, I confess, not a little nervous at the idea of presenting myself, quite unknown to him personally, before the Iron Chancellor. Iron, no doubt, when it was needful; but that side of his character I did not see. I saw a singularly distinguished, highly cultivated, courteous gentleman, whose disposition was kindly, nervous, and sensitive.

While making the journey from Berlin, I resolved to write down every evening the conversation of the day, and to do so as far as possible verbatim, a matter of no great difficulty, because the Prince not only spoke English very well, but very slowly; a habit, I am told, he maintained when speaking German. He spoke clearly, and his manner was most impressive; so it was not difficult to recall his words as well as the matter of them.

I was forewarned that his duties were so many and so exacting that I should be lucky if I persuaded him to give me an hour's sitting during a day, and that, being a martyr to neuralgia, it was imperative for his health's sake he should be much in the open air. The Prince kindly permitted me to be his companion during his drives and his walks and during his hours of relaxation after dnner.

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Arrived at Friedrichsruh, I was met by Count Rantzau, the Prince's son-in-law. He took me to the house—I say house, for it is not a palace—and to my bedroom, where he left me, and I began to unpack.

Presently a sound of slow and shuffling footsteps was arrested before my door, which was thrown open somewhat abruptly without a previous knock. A very tall, pale man, whose head appeared to be small for the huge scale of his body and limbs, swathed round the neck with a white silk handkerchief ending in a loose bow, and dressed in black, stood in the doorway, erect and dignified. It was the Great Chancellor. I approached him and made my bow, whereon he removed his slouch-hat, and without the slightest inclination of his head he put out a small, delicately formed, white hand which warmly shook mine. That was sufficient; instantly I was at my ease. Speaking in a remarkably soft, mellow voice and of vibrating *timbre,* he said in perfect English: "I am delighted to welcome you. But I fear you will find me a tiresome sitter; for I am old, very tired, and I suffer; the affairs of State take up all my time, and my hours of strength are few—alas! But I will do what I can to meet your wishes. I need to be much in the open air, and I shall be glad if you will accompany me in my walks."

That was the introduction, and what could be kinder, more thoughtful, or more hospitable? Rather abruptly, as we were going to lunch, Bismarck said: "You know Mr. Gladstone, I believe? Give him a message from me, please. Tell him that while he is busy cutting down trees I am busy planting them." For Bismarck was devoted to forestry and arboriculture. Consequently I delivered that message to Mr. Gladstone, who either did not see, or did not desire to recognize, the double meaning contained in it. Anyhow, the message fell quite flat. Anent Mr. Gladstone, Bismarck made a remark, whether true or not, was very characteristic of his epigrammatic style of criticism: "Your Prime Minister is poisoned by the venom of his oratory; if his facility of diction and his command of words were more restrained, he would not be so great an orator but a more reliable statesman." The two great politicians would, I believe, have struck few chords of sympathy; they would have hardly come into touch at all excepting upon one subject, where they would have been in perfect agreement—their deeply religious reverence for the Great Unseen Power.

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I offered to present Bismarck with an engraving of my portrait of Mr. Gladstone, for which he thanked me. "I shall be glad to receive it, for while I do not agree with his statesmanship, I have a deep admiration for his extraordinary versatility." Whether it was ironical or not, I cannot say. "If God spares him, Mr. Gladstone will ruin England." This was said in conjunction with some remarks upon Home Rule for Ireland: "No government could afford to grant it now; it is too late. It would wreck a Tory or Radical ministry to do so, especially now when Imperialism has been so deftly established in the public minds of Englishmen by Disraeli," speaking of whom Bismarck said: "I like him; he is a great statesman and he takes his port like a man. Your politicians do not drink enough. Think of Pitt and Fox—whom have you now to compare with those 'two-bottle men,' whose decisions were prompt, decisive, and virile? Now you have given your drink to the lower classes, who are becoming your masters, and dangerous ones, too, by and by, when the franchise is extended practically to universal suffrage. Every Southerner is born with a bottle of champagne in him; to be quits the Northerner must drink one." With Bismarck's eulogiums upon the value of alcohol there is likely to be little sympathy among us. I suspect that his statements should be taken figuratively; he had no sympathy with apathy or procrastination. "Strike swiftly and strike well" was probably his motto.

Of Disraeli he spoke with something like personal affection. The facile Hebrew enchanted the intense and patriotic Saxon. Bismarck's consideration for his colleague Disraeli at the Berlin Conference is verified by the following story. "The diplomatic language to be employed was French," said Bismarck. "Disraeli refused to speak in it, a tongue with which he was not familiar. He spoke in English. Prince Gortschakoff, who knew and spoke English perfectly, took exception to that proceeding; but I, as President of the Council, determined to back up Disraeli, and made my reply also in English, whereon Gortschakoff replied in it; so we won."

Bismarck's acquaintance with our literature was very wide. He quoted Shakespeare constantly; of Browning he said: "I am sorry not to have followed his literary career as a poet so closely as I should have wished to do, for he is a great poet and a great thinker." Horace was

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his favorite classical author. He repeated many of the "Odes" and "Epodes" in a very magnificent style. His beautiful and sympathetic voice made his recitation a real delight to listen to. Thackeray was his ideal novelist. "His characters are men and women; each, as in Shakespeare, stands out from its background; is solid, clearly cut out, and finished *ad unguem.*" Fielding's style enchanted him, and *Tom Jones* he pronounced to be "a real classic."

He was somewhat down on Dr. Johnson's manners to women. He reproved the great lexicographer's habit of mingling his admirations and disapprobations to ladies in too personal a manner. "Courtesy," said he, "costs nothing; a little of it would have saved Dr. Johnson from some rudeness and not a little acrid ill-humor." Talking of the arts, he said: "Of music I am very fond, but now I have to abstain from hearing it, because tears come only too readily into my eyes. My heart is stronger than my head. Indeed, what self-control I have has been bought by experience." Many instances occurred during our conversations which gave the truth to this assertion.

The extreme mobility of his countenance and the various shades of expression which passed over it told of a sensitive, emotional temperament. "But I have a fire within me still which burns at times with fury." Upon that I asked, "Are you in reality the Iron Chancellor?" "No," he said, "not naturally; the iron I have created to use when necessary." And that I believe to be true.

I asked him if he knew Wagner personally. "Yes," he answered; "but it was quite impossible for me to care for him or to encourage his society. I had not time to submit to his insatiable vanity. Before breakfast, at breakfast, before and after dinner, Wagner demanded sympathy and admiration. His egotism was wearisome and intolerable, and his demand for a listener was so incessant that I was obliged to avoid his company. I was too busy with my affairs to be able to give him all or even a portion of the demands he would have claimed upon my time. But I admire his music greatly, though I have been compelled to give up going to the opera, because the beautiful and touching melodies I cannot get out of my head; they cling to me, and I find it difficult to release myself from them, and now it tires me to be so much moved."

Speaking of his young life, he said: "I do not know that

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it was a bad thing for me that I led a fast life; it burned out a lot of useless fire which, had I retained, might have rendered the restraint of ardor and rashness of impulses more difficult than has been the case with me. My busy, complicated, and arduous duties have obliged me to exercise self-control vigorously and constantly." Talking about education and of what it was forty years ago and is now, he remarked: "Boasted as it is, and truly, perhaps, that education is more generally supplied and wider in its scope, it is not so solid or so sound as it was in my young days. We were taught fewer subjects, no doubt, but what we learned we learned thoroughly. My sons had far greater advantages of general education than I had; but they returned from the Lyceum very ignorant. I must say that my Greek I have forgotten; but my Latin I keep up and still enjoy."

I had with me and was reading at the time Professor Mahaffy's *Greek Life and Customs*. He took up the book, looked at its title, and said: "What the devil have we to do with Greek Life and Custom? It is German and English life that you and I should study. The Greeks are dead; but England and Germany are alive."

Upon the evening of this day, a learned doctor, Dr. Chrysander, an authority on Handel, dined at the Prince's table. The conversation turned upon Helmholtz's theories of acoustics and vibration. Upon this, as upon every other subject, Bismarck was evidently extremely well informed.

It is not out of place here to tell a story about Bismarck which relates to his apparent want of interest in the conduct of the King's Museum. At a party at Dr. Lippman's, the distinguished Keeper of Prints in the Museum, upon the previous evening of my going to Friedrichsruh, the conversation turned upon the almost entire lack of interest which the Prince took in regard to that institution. It was stated that he had only once entered the building, getting no farther than the hall, and that that visit was occasioned by a sudden heavy shower of rain which overtook him umbrellaless. I was asked to tell Bismarck the story and to inquire if it was a true one. Upon the first evening of my sojourn at Friedrichsruh I fulfilled the promise and told him the story current about him, at the same time begging him to tell me if the story was reliable. He smiled, and, puffing vigorously at his pipe for a few seconds, a habit of his when not quite sure of his answer, he said: "The story

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is quite true, and I regret that it is so; there is a reason for it, though perhaps it may not be thought to be a sufficient one. For twenty-five years," he went on to say, "but few moments of my time I have been able to call my own, and I can take no rest while my master lives." I determined to push the question further, and said: "Then, sir, you have but little idea of the minute and elaborate machine which is constantly in motion for the benefit of the History of the Graphic Arts, and of an organization as complete and systematized in all its ramifications of details as your great army system is. To keep an elaborate extension up to date by the provision of examples of the fine arts in their various classes and branches so as to worthily represent the culture of Germany, I am told that the state grant to the Museum is very inadequate." "I know that it is; but how can we vote more than we do at a time like the present? Germany is a new empire and it must be protected from possible assault by one or two or both Powers, one to the east, the other to the west of us. You must remember that the next war between France and Germany will mean extinction for one. We lie between two lines of fire: France is out bitter enemy, and Russia I do not trust. Peace may be far more dishonorable than war, and for war we must be prepared. Therefore, while Germany's very life as a nation is at stake, I cannot give the attention that I should otherwise wish to do as regards the encouragement of the arts of peace, however much I may believe them to be, as you say, necessary to the highest development of a nation as a whole." The answer was conclusive; what more could be said?

Though the coming story is the result of a visit to Berlin in 1890, it is characteristic of both Bismarck and Mommsen. I had gone to Berlin to fulfil a promise to the great historian to make a drawing of that most interesting man, a keen wit, too, if somewhat caustic, and whose memory was phenomenal. I was drawing; he was quoting Byron—his favorite English poet, as, oddly enough, he is of so many Germans—when a telegram was brought in to me from Friedrichsruh. "That is from Bismarck?" "Yes, Professor." "Does he want you?" "Yes." "When?" "To-morrow." "But you cannot go, for you are engaged to Mommsen." "I am, and I will telegraph to say so." "No—stop. You shall go and see that *great maker of his-*

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tory. But you will tell me all about him on your return. So!" I told Bismarck the story of the telegram and what followed. His reply was: "Tell Mommsen that if I make history, he is the greatest historian in the world." When I repeated this epigram to the Professor later on, he smiled one of those inimitable smiles, and his bright black eyes sparkled with humor: "Bismarck never told the truth with greater veracity." It was most interesting to have the opportunity of comparing the minds of those two giants of intellect, the one a Cæsar in theory, the other in practice—hating each other's political standpoints with savage intensity, but each holding the other in the highest esteem intellectually.

To go back to '87, during one of our short sittings, Bismarck turned suddenly to me and said: "I wish to appear to the English *myself*. The English regard me too much as the man of Iron. I think you see something else than that in me." As indeed I did.

Speaking of our system of government officials, he asked: "Why do you not have a permanent Minister of War who does not change with the incoming of each Ministry?" I replied that I thought it arose from the fact that our system was founded upon party government. "That seems so strange to me," he answered. "Everything in England appears to be regulated by amateurs, not specialists, who with each change of government have to learn their business afresh. Parliamentary government is an excellent thing when all goes well; but war is a serious affair. All that appertains to the organization for it can only be managed satisfactorily by a permanent expert always at the head, not by fluctuations of opinion, either Radical or Tory. The whole management of the army system should be under one permanent and responsible head, who can put his finger upon a wire and at any moment set it vibrating." Of our unpreparedness for war he spoke with emphasis; he was "despondent" about England's neglect of that matter. "War," he said, "would solve many of your internal difficulties. It would bring classes and parties together. You have too many coteries and factions; you are so split up as regards both politics and religion; you have grown to be so anarchical." I said, "Socialistic—do you mean?" "No," he said. "Socialism is a power, and one that must be met somehow by wise legislation. I meant anarchical."

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He proceeded: "War would teach England that she must be one of the strong military Powers, not perhaps so much as naval, and this for the sake of the peace of Europe. The natural alliance is," he said, "England, Germany, and Italy; these three Powers, if placed upon a permanently strong war footing, would insure the peace of the world against France and Russia. In the event of war with France and Russia we could place three millions of men into the field, one million upon the Russian frontier, one million on the French, and still retain a million reserves. We can raise, clothe at a short notice, all told, four millions of reserves, inclusive; and," repeated the Chancellor, slowly, reverently, with emotion and force, "indeed, I believe that unless God Himself commands the French forces in the next war, Germany must be victorious.

"My great-grandfather was killed in the French wars under Frederick; my grandfather fought in '92; my father in '15; and I have fought the French since '70. But in the next struggle with France, which God forbid, we shall wait till her armies come to us. The French have raised such strong and so many fortifications since '70 that our advance would be out of the question, and we could not entertain the possibility of a successful advance as we did then. We should wait and attack them in the field; and if God gives us a chance we will deal with them as we did then."

For the French nation Bismarck had contempt, though he had personal friends in Paris. He liked Napoleon; he spoke of him as an agreeable and courteous man; but he thought that the Empress had not a good influence over him on account of her strong Catholic sympathies, which he thought were dangerous to the State. "Napoleon had a good heart, but he was too easily influenced by women. That is a great mistake; women and the serious facts of life should never come into touch." I ventured to disagree with him, and quoted our Queen as an instance to the contrary. "In a constitutional government such as yours, it does not matter if the throne is occupied by a king or a queen." I again ventured to say that much of England's prosperity during this century was due to the example set by Her Majesty, and that although the Queen is in all essentials a constitutional monarch, her political and personal influence are widespread and all for good. "Probably that is so. But I think that the English place woman on a

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higher scale of intelligence than Germans do." We did not pursue the subject further.

Again, speaking of Home Rule, the Chancellor said: "However unwise to my thinking it would have been to have granted Home Rule to Ireland at all, it might have been granted when it was first proposed; but now, after the subject has been so widely discussed, so applauded on one side, and so abused on the other, any Government that gave it would be weakened in the eyes of Europe, and the colonies of England would be in danger by such a concession. It would certainly weaken England's hold upon India; Russian spies and Russian influence would exert themselves and aid any agitation started by the Indian press, with a view to obtaining a like concession for India."

Apropos of Russian designs in the East, he spoke confidently: "Russia means to get to the Persian Gulf. She will annex Persia; but," he said confidently, "I do not think that India as a whole, Mohammedans or Hindus, will prefer Russian to English rule. But if they do, it will be the fault of the English, who have unwisely given freedom to the Press; for I know how dangerous an experiment that is, and how men educated, but wholly without principle and a sense of truth, can and do distort facts to a most dangerous degree. And if this applies to educated persons and a well-informed people, how infinitely more dangerous it is to grant such like license to be used or misused by a people both unenlightened and ill-informed. It was, to my thinking, a most perilous latitude for you to have granted to India."

Of the Russian language Bismarck spoke with enthusiasm. "It is," he said, "like the Greek, full of niceties of gradation and form." But how it had grown to such perfection he did not know, for every peasant speaks the same language as the Emperor does, as pure and as good; and he instanced this fact as a proof that the civilization of a nation does not of necessity keep pace with the developments and perfections of its language. A remark of mine that the Slav races were not "effete" and that their barbaric elements were a backbone and stand-by against their falling a too easy prey to the defects which civilization so often carried with it, drew from him a long and interesting sketch of the luxury of Rome under the later empires which finally fell under Teutonic races. I was much struck by a laconic remark which the Chancellor made after a long

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pause, accompanied by slow but violent puffs at his pipe: "Who shall say, perhaps the East holds the future keys of Europe—China, Russia, or both."

In 1848 Bismarck was in England—that is, at the time of the revolution in Germany. He said he had thoroughly enjoyed himself. His love of the English beer and his ready wit made him popular. Of this time he told me the following interesting story. "It was, I think, to Greenwich that I was invited to dine. We went on board a steamer at Waterloo Bridge, and passed some time going down the river. I forget the names of the English on board, but I well remember the excellent wine and beer and the genial company. After-dinner speeches were made; my health was drunk, to which I responded. At the end of the repast I rose and proposed the following toast: 'For England a fleet that shall command the seas, and an army for Germany that shall defy Europe—hence Peace!'" And turning to me he said: "And I think so now."

I was anxious to make a drawing of Moltke, and I told Bismarck so. "It might be done," he said. "You would find him very reserved. He is a very quiet, grave man, good and religious, but extremely fond of money. He lives with the parsimony of a sergeant; that is his one defect. Otherwise he has a great nature."

Of his early life Bismarck spoke very unreservedly, and also of his own nature and the difficulties which it had occasioned him. "It was my original intention as a young man to travel, and between the age of twenty and thirty I intended to see the world. But when the time came, I did not like to leave my father, whom I loved and respected deeply. I was soon caught in the meshes of politics; whoever gets into them escapes with great difficulty. My father would not permit me to go into the army. If I had done so, the discipline would have kept me away from riotous living; and so in my old age my health would have been stronger." I said: "That might have been so; but you were caught in the meshes of politics in time and you created an empire." "Yes," he said, "that is so. But still I regret that my time has been my own to such a limited extent."

Speaking of self-control, he said: "I have had to *drill* myself; under circumstances of pain of mind or body work is my great object and chief solace." Indeed, during the

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time that I was at Friedrichsruh I saw the Chancellor hard at work over State papers while suffering agonies from neuralgia, both his eyelids having been drawn down over his inflamed and swollen eyes by the acute pain.

"Often as a young man, when drunkenness, shouting, and all kinds of riotous ways were going on, which were in those days thought part of a gentleman's inheritance, and after drinking six bottles of wine while every kind of disturbance was going on, I was able to abstract my mind so as to find the cube roots of two or several given numbers.

"My childhood was wretched; my mother was harsh and ambitious; but my father was a great and good man." We talked about the education of children, of whom the Chancellor was extremely fond; and he spoke most feelingly regarding the kindness which ought to govern all our approaches toward their highly wrought and sensitive natures. "Children are excellent judges of men; their instincts as regards character are rarely at fault. The family life is the fatherland upon a small scale. It has been a principle of my life never to permit my hot temper to find an outlet within my own home."

Indeed, no one who has enjoyed the privilege of sharing the simple and noble family life in Friedrichsruh could ever forget the atmosphere of peace and tranquillity that reigned there. To his servants, to his dependants, to his cottagers, the Prince was both friend and counselor. I have seen him go into a peasant's hut, pat the *frau* on the back, take her hand, encourage her children, and even engage in a little delicate chaff and banter. The answer to such spontaneous goodness of heart was a respectful, though by no means a timid, reception of it. I remember that one evening the head woodman for the estate came in to talk forestry; he was received by the Prince and his family as a friend. He seated himself without the least ceremony, smoked and drank and discoursed with every one upon equal terms, quite simply, quite unostentatiously. The mixture of courtesy and an almost rustic straightforwardness and dignity of bearing rendered Bismarck an ideal master, landlord, and host.

Continuing to speak of his youth, and while we were talking of the value of prayer, he said: "When I was fourteen, I remember thinking that prayer was useless or irrelevant, for it struck me that God knew better than I; and I still

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think so, except that now I hold that the value of prayer is that it implies submission to a stronger power than our own; and I am convinced of the existence of that Power, which is neither *arbitrary nor capricious.*"

We talked of the probability of a future life. "I do not doubt it," he said, earnestly, "even for a moment. This life is too sad, too incomplete, to satisfy our highest aspirations and desires. It is meant to be a struggle to ennoble us. Can that struggle be vain? I think not! Final perfection I believe in; a perfection which God has in the end in store for us."

Roman Catholicism he did not like at all. He regarded it as most dangerous, not only to the State, but to real progress. Of the Pope, however, as a personality he spoke with great respect. "I find him very intelligent; his Latin verses are delightful, and he is a statesman. His position as Head of the Catholic Church is far stronger now than it was as a temporal sovereign. The States of the Church had by the natural sequence of events become so small that they were not worth the wrangle to keep them. And," he added, with a touch of humor, "you know that His Holiness conferred upon me the highest honor which it is within his power to bestow upon a *heretic.*"

Of birds, as well as of animals (we all know of his great affection for his dogs), Bismarck was extremely fond. "I love my birds, but I want my squirrels also. You see," he said, pointing up to the branches of trees in an avenue near the house, "those little boxes fixed in the spurs of the branches. They have a swing door which a bird can easily push open; and it shuts behind her. So when in her little house, the bird and her eggs are safe, and Herr Squirrel is hoaxed. Thus I keep him as well as my birds."

One day, after having received a very short sitting in the morning, I went down to the dining-room rather late for luncheon. The Prince was seated and had already begun his meal. Somewhat impulsively, but also persuasively, I put both my hands upon his shoulders and begged him for ten minutes more of his time that day. In a moment the huge boar-hound, always with his master, mounted on his hind legs and intercepted my familiarity, giving an ominous though not savage growl, only to serve as a warning. It was enough; the reprimand was sufficient, and I respect the beast for his loyalty to his master's dignity.

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And now I will relate two or three stories which Bismarck told me with his characteristic terseness, point, and brevity.

"At the battle of Königgratz I had great difficulty in keeping my Master out of the range of fire. The bullets filled the air with song. I told His Majesty so. 'Oh,' he replied, 'is that the noise of bullets? I thought it was made by the chirping of sparrows.' Presently I persuaded him to ride out of danger, and he did so, but very reluctantly, and only at a slow canter. I knew that the Austrian outposts were firing from a copse not more than three hundred yards away; therefore the King was in imminent danger. I released my right foot from its stirrup, keeping my horse a little to the rear of the King's, and kicked its rump, which took effect. The horse sprang forward at a gallop. My Master turned round and gave me a reproachful look; but he took the hint and rode out of danger. That same evening he telegraphed to Queen Augusta, 'Bismarck took me somewhat rudely from the field.' Upon another occasion at the same battle a shell burst within ten paces of the King and his staff. They felt the earth heave as in an earthquake, but no one moved. Fortunately the shell did not explode; if it had exploded the King and his staff would probably have been killed. My Master did not know what fear meant."

During the last evening of my stay at Friedrichsruh Bismarck was at his best; he was in excellent spirits. After dinner we lit pipes, and well-filled tankards of beer were handy. The Prince seated himself in his long arm-chair, put his feet upon a leg rest, and evidently he was settled down for a good talk.

He asked me what I should like him to relate. I said: "Pray, sir, tell me any story that comes into your head." Puffing vigorously at his pipe, the following story was slowly developed.

"My grandfather served for three years under Frederick the Great, and told me this anecdote: An ensign made a blunder during the manœuvers of troops at a review. The King, as was his wont when annoyed, fell into a violent rage and pursued the terrified ensign stick in hand. The young soldier ran for very life, and jumped a ditch, leaving the King upon the other side shaking his stick at him in a fury. Shortly after the escape of the ensign the Colonel of the regiment came up to the King and said, 'Your Maj-

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esty, the young man committed a blunder, doubtless. I have just received his resignation from Your Majesty's service,' placing the document into the King's hands. 'I am sorry for it, for he was a good officer; but he can take no other step under the circumstances.' The King answered, 'Send him to me.' The ensign was sent for, and came trembling, lest this time the stripes should in reality fall upon his shoulders, or, still worse, he might be sent to prison. Without any preface the King replied, 'Here is your captaincy, sir, which I endeavored to give you this morning; but you ran away so swiftly that my old legs could not catch you up.' One can imagine the delight of the ensign when he found that he was the recipient of promotion and not of blows.''

The Prince then gave me a graphic account of the capitulation of the Emperor of France, which contained details which I have not found recounted elsewhere. I give this story, I believe, almost word for word.

"Upon the day after the battle of Sedan the French Emperor sent for me at five in the morning. I had had but three hours of bed, and much did I need rest; for forty-eight hours I had taken no food. Immediately upon the receipt of the summons I mounted my horse and rode at full gallop for some four English miles to the appointed meeting-place upon the Donchery road. It is customary in Germany, when an officer or official is sent for to meet a crowned head in the open, to ride up to him at full speed, whether he is on foot, horseback, or in a carriage, and to rein one's horse in suddenly and immediately upon nearing him. I did so, and my horse slid several feet along the road before I finally pulled it up short at the side of the Emperor's carriage. During my ride I resolved to treat the Emperor with the like deference which I should have shown His Majesty at Versailles. I dismounted and held my horse, for I was alone, without groom. The Emperor took off his cap to me, and I saluted him in the ordinary military fashion. Raising my hand, it passed over my revolver, and I noticed that the Emperor became deadly white; for what reason at that moment I cannot say. I said, 'What are Your Majesty's orders?' He replied, 'I wish to see the King!' I informed him that the King was twenty miles away. Napoleon said, 'Is there no place to which we can retire and talk without being disturbed?' We

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were near Donchery; upon the roadside was a weaver's cottage, to which we walked. The housewife was at work at her loom. Her husband, a great big Frenchman with a huge mustache, entered the cottage immediately after us. He did not remove his hat. I said to him: 'Take your hat off; this is your Emperor.' He obeyed, but did not seem to be the least moved. His manner was entirely apathetic. Speaking to the housewife, I asked her if there was a room to which we could adjourn; saying nothing, she pointed to a rickety staircase, up which we walked. At the top of it was a chamber furnished with a pine table and two chairs. We sat down, and the Emperor immediately began to discuss the question of the capitulation of the army. I told the Emperor that I could not treat with him upon that subject; it was out of my province. He replied: 'I cannot go back to Sedan. I have given myself to you as a prisoner.' I asked him if he would make proposals for peace. He answered: 'How can I? I am a prisoner. Such proposals can only go to your King from Paris.' I did not then know that the Republic was upon the eve of being proclaimed. At this time we could and would have reinstated the Emperor; the army might have received him back. The authorities in Paris kept me waiting for a whole fortnight. I could wait no longer, and I signed for the Republic. And I do not now regret that I did so, though at the time I did not feel at all sure that it would not be wise to restore the Empire. For perhaps an hour I remained making conversation, but avoiding the subject of the capitulation of the army. As I have said, I had been forty-eight hours without food; my clothes were mud-stained; I was black with the atmosphere of battle, and I made those facts a plea for going to find suitable lodgings for the Emperor, and so I took my leave of him. Afterwards the King and Emperor met, and there were tears shed on both sides. I did not see Napoleon again except as he was passing through Cassel. The train containing him and his suite was at the station. I noticed that his carriages were in perfect order and clean, as though they had just come out of the coach-house of Versailles instead of having passed through three months' campaign. I took off my hat to him, and he saluted me in like manner. Napoleon was a brave man. He was in ill-health all through the war, and his nerves were completely shattered. He had

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lived too much under the dominion of the Empress, who had a great deal to do with his entering upon the war. I would have put him back on the throne; the opportunity occurred for me to do so, but, as I said, I do not now regret the turn which politics took."

I asked Bismarck if the moment of his capitulation was not a terrible one to Napoleon. "No," he said, "I think not. There had been seditious meetings in the French army the night before the battle, and I feel sure that he felt safer with us than he would have done among his own people. I regarded the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine with misgiving. Moltke insisted upon it as a necessity. Russia made a great mistake when she created another Poland for herself by taking Bessarabia."

And now I have come to the end of the space which the Editor has granted me. Indeed, I fear that I have exceeded it. Bismarck, as he appeared to me, was not only the strongest personality that I have met, but was among the most courteous and attractive.

W. B. Richmond.

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THE PANAMA CANAL AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE FLEET

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

THE question of the proper distribution of a national navy is not only of great importance, but often of much perplexity to a State having large external interests; especially if these be not only extensive, but divergent. Great Britain, despite her enormous fleet, has for two centuries past illustrated this, owing to her wide-spread commercial system and scattered dependencies. To use the strong expression of a French admiral, "In the midst of riches she has felt all the embarrassment of poverty." The British official who answers to our Secretary of the Navy wrote to the celebrated Rodney, "It is impossible to have a superior fleet in all quarters." Upon this followed the corollary, that the fleet must be ready to move in force from one quarter to another, according to the turn of the struggle; a readiness which can be perfectly assured only by keeping it together. The difficulty, in short, is one that cannot be removed entirely, because the causes cannot cease to exist; but it can be met with good prospect of success, provided well-settled principles, based upon past experiences, are duly and steadily observed in practice.

Fundamental among these principles is that of concentration, a word which may be said to include the whole of military art as far as a single word can, as it comprises also the secret of successful purpose in any enterprise and in any calling. But concentration is a general term, the application of which is determined by the specific circumstances of each case. Of such circumstances, position is among the most decisive. War, said the great Napoleon, is a business of positions. The point of concentration, as well as the

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necessity for it, has to be considered. Concentration itself might be considered a species of position, in that it decides that the position of the fleet shall be single, not dual.

It is purposed here to apply these remarks to the case of the United States Navy, under the conditions consequent upon the completion of the Panama Canal. One first essential to be noted is that any general disposition adopted should have direct reference to a state of war, and as far as practicable should conform to that which the opening of war requires. Independent of the fact that such an arrangement accelerates mobilization, there is the further very important consideration that a change of dispositions, when political relations are strained, may, by the impression produced on another government or people, precipitate the very issue which diplomacy is seeking to avert. Since these words were written, the persistence of Russia in mobilizing —not any hostile action on her part—is alleged by Germany as her reason for declaring war. Not military readiness only, but sound civil policy also, dictates that the dispositions of peace anticipate the demands of war.

The case of the United States, with two seaboards so widely separated in water distance as the Atlantic and Pacific, is not unprecedented. It is only an extreme instance of conditions found elsewhere. Spain, and still more France, have known inconvenience, and at times have experienced disaster, from the division of naval force between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Constrained by interests on both coasts, and by the administrative necessity of providing navy-yards on both, because either might be the chief scene of a war, the fleet was distributed between the two. The effort subsequently to concentrate, whether in one home port or at some external position, led to many strategic mishaps, entailing at times not only failure, but destruction. Trafalgar is a signal instance of a massive catastrophe, the prelude to which was a series of abortive attempts to combine several squadrons previously divided between the two seaboards of France and of Spain.

An example of the same, more striking to us because contemporary, was the fatal policy which led Russia in her recent war with Japan to dally with concentration, and to permit her fleet to remain divided between the Baltic and the Far East, while peace still existed. Two years before the war began, the larger part of the Baltic fleet was already

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in the Far East, in force substantially equal to the Japanese Navy. But it might have been superior; and the practice of sending reinforcements in detachments enabled Japan, noting the course of events, to declare war at the critical moment when one was on the way which might turn the scales. It could not proceed, because the Japanese fleet barred the junction, and Russian equality was prevented from becoming superiority. The effort to concentrate at an improper position, instead of assembling in home waters and proceeding thence together, drew the jealous attention of the enemy, who not only was enabled, but necessitated, to strike before the meeting was effected. A consummate master of the art of war, commenting on a similar military conjuncture a century before, wrote, "What complicated pains to concentrate in the face of the enemy, when it could perfectly well have been done beyond his reach!"

Undoubtedly, conditions arise which necessitate division of effort. For example, Great Britain is compelled now to a concentration of war shipping in home waters, more imposing than any she has had to maintain since the navy of Holland rivaled that of England two hundred and fifty years ago. The cause, too, is the same; substituting the German Empire of to-day for the Holland of the seventeenth century. But while this position of the British main fleet covers, as against Germany, all approaches to British shores by the Atlantic, it does not equally guard routes using the Mediterranean, whether for commerce, or for access to political interests in Egypt and India. These remain exposed and must be protected; for a very large fraction of British trade originates in the Levant and Black Sea, while still more comes from the Far East, passing by the Suez Canal through the Strait of Gibraltar. Either by her own power or by secure alliance, it is essential to Great Britain so to control the Mediterranean that her communications throughout should be safe against the possible action of Germany's Mediterranean allies, Austria and Italy.

When such widely divergent yet indispensable interests are at stake, there are two principal means of defense. One is to be superior on both scenes; the other is such a distribution of aggregate force as to give a probable chance of concentration in superior numbers at the point where danger is imminent, before the enemy can himself act. It is evident,

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however, that for Great Britain no distribution is permissible which will deprive her home waters of superiority over a possible antagonist so near as Germany. She is compelled to the first alternative,—superiority on both scenes, either by her own ships or by those of an ally.

It will be noted that the nearness of Germany to Great Britain herself, and that of her allies to British vital interests in the Mediterranean, form a combination of simultaneous perils, constituting a peculiarly menacing situation. If Great Britain were equidistant from both, she would have a central position, which might afford opportunity to meet first one and then the other, in successive encounter; while if there was little probability that war would spring up in both quarters at the same time, conditions would be still further modified. But in each case concentration, to the extent of assured superiority at the point of contact, is the one thing needful. That such concentration should be the controlling factor in peace dispositions,—should be the normal state then,—is evident from the rapidity with which modern wars develop, and from the political fact that, when relations are strained, significant movements may precipitate hostilities.

Whatever change in international relations the remoter future may have in store, it is fairly sure that the present outlook makes improbable any conjuncture of simultaneous dangers for the United States, in both Atlantic and Pacific, such as hangs over Great Britain in her home waters and the Mediterranean. If Panama be held securely, no one naval enemy can threaten both our coasts at the same time, without great and undue risk to itself. Concerted action to the same end, by an Atlantic naval power in co-operation with one in the Pacific, is unlikely. This may be inferred from the terms of the treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan; and still more from the apparent acquiescence in the general principles of the Monroe Doctrine on the part of the naval states of Europe. Although not formulated, this acquiescence has been shown very practically in more than one connection; notably in the still pending Mexican troubles. Europe indeed has in the Balkans, in Asia, and in Africa, preoccupations so critical as to disincline any single state from embarking in a policy of American adventure.

Nothing of this, however, modifies the policy of concentra-

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tion, in the sense that wherever the fleet may be at a given moment it should there be in local superiority to any probable enemy. The Russian navy, being superior in the aggregate to that of Japan, it was of comparatively little importance whether it was concentrated in the Baltic or in the Far East; but it was of immense importance that it should be concentrated, not divided. As a general proposition, this evidently implies more than the formulation of a mere strategic requirement. It applies equally to national naval policy: that the navy, as constituted by legislation, should be big enough to assure such superiority. Naval policy is essentially and supremely a question of foreign relations.

Granting a superiority based upon properly calculated estimates of international relations, concentration of the battle-fleet of the United States is a matter of much more consequence than its precise position. Not that position is of less than great importance. The Russian battle-fleet would have been much better placed in the Far East than in the Baltic. It was not adequate to both, as the event proved; but, if it had been united, its remoteness—in the Baltic—would not have occasioned the decisive disaster which division entailed. It was the business of the Russian Executive to form its estimate of the general European situation, including therein its own secret purposes; and then, before war threatened, to assemble its battle-fleet, and send it where it should be most surely at hand, if war came; but on no account to divide it.

In point of distance, the Baltic and the Far East constituted a dilemma not very unlike that of our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards before the Canal is open for use. The Canal completed, and secured against hostile enterprise, we shall have there a central position, similar to that imagined above for Great Britain as to Germany and the Mediterranean. Even before the Canal, however, despite the immense distance and the administrative difficulties, of coal and supplies, connected with transferring the fleet from ocean to ocean, the dictates of sound policy demanded the concentration of the fleet, not its division between the two; for the plain reason that the margin of superiority was then, and is now, not large enough to permit separation. Halve the fleet, and it is inferior in both oceans. Divide into unequal fractions, keeping in one a bare superiority, and you have in the other a detachment in itself adequate to nothing ex-

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cept to soothe the tremors of old women and of the childish on shore; tremors of the character which lowered rents on the south shore of Long Island during the Spanish War, because of apprehension that an enemy's ships might spend (waste) ammunition on an open beach; whereas, joined to the main body, such a reinforcement may constitute a superiority so decisive as to prevent war. It is to be remembered also that the nominal aggregate of a military force is rarely available under the stress of actual war. The "present for duty" of troops in the field represents usually considerable reductions by sickness, detachments, and other incidents of service. So in a fleet, reliefs, accidents, detachment for repairs or for recreation of the crew, cause deductions for which a margin of allowance must be made in calculation.

The Canal modifies the previous situation by minimizing all the difficulties of transfer, but it does not change the dictate as to concentration. Even if Panama were a natural waterway, like the Strait of Gibraltar, an enemy by occupying it in force would acquire advantage for keeping apart the divisions in the two oceans, if not already united. But an artificial channel, with locks, in a region like Panama, stands always in risk of interruption. Accident, surprise, treachery, a momentary lack of vigilance, other fortune of war, may effect a prolonged block of an essential line of communication, affording an enemy a strategic opportunity, through possessing decisive local superiority for whatever the period of closure may be. The provision against this is concentration. It may happen to be on the wrong side of the Canal at a critical moment; but it is better that such moment should find all on the wrong side than only half on the right, because transfer is always more feasible than junction, and the half might be annihilated while the whole could not.

The people of the Pacific coast have shown themselves from time to time sensitive, if not apprehensive, about the absence of the main fleet from their shores. They have felt themselves to be the more endangered, both by position and by the smallness of the resident population as compared with the Atlantic seaboard. This is true; and upon it they have based a claim for a proportion of the battle-fleet to be stationed in their waters, thus dividing the force, and that under conditions of very great exposure. On the other hand, the Atlantic coast communities feel the claim of

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greater numbers,—the claim of a majority; reinforced, of course, by the inevitable superior national concern in the larger commercial, manufacturing, and other interests, which superior numbers accumulate. On their side also is long-standing tradition. Men have not yet adjusted their thought to the new condition, that the Pacific rather than the Atlantic holds the problem of the near future; that Europe and Atlantic America have reached fairly stable conditions, both in themselves and toward each other; and that both are looking outward, the one eastward, the other westward, toward Asia. Further, questions of administration, of supply and repair, are facilitated by the greater development of navy-yard equipment, occasioned by the hitherto usual presence of the ships in the Atlantic. These local feelings are an inevitable attendant of human nature. They carry with them the evil of sectionalism, and constitute a problem for the government, which in a democracy has to have regard to votes. The one solution, and the perfectly adequate reply, is that a military question, in this resembling all technical questions, must be settled on technical grounds; in this case on military grounds.

In naval matters, however, international relations form a part of the military problem; and while these cannot modify the requirement of concentration, they do affect the questions of position and of the necessary numbers of the fleet. Consequently, while every naval officer who respects himself and his profession should be well informed as to international conditions, for not otherwise can he form sound military judgment or give adequate counsel when called upon, the general decision as to position belongs primarily to the civil government in its executive branch; for, besides its control over the military services, it is charged with the ultimate responsibility of action, and it alone necessarily possesses the needed information. A very critical part of this knowledge is the actual state of negotiations at any moment, the temper of other governments, and of their people; upon which depends the policy of fleet movements which might be construed to indicate distrust or offensive intention. All this responsibility is civil and executive; the military adviser may contribute sound military opinion, but decision rests elsewhere; in last analysis upon instructed public opinion.

From this consideration springs the desirability of main-

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taining generally such dispositions as correspond to the demands of opening war, and which from their general permanence have no particular significance at a given moment. An instance of the contrary may be recalled in the answer of the British government to the German Emperor's telegram to Kruger. An additional squadron was ordered into commission—a perfectly pronounced diplomatic utterance. However timely in the particular emergency, such action may be very untimely at another, and yet indispensable to safety. This dilemma should be forestalled.

A permanent arrangement of the character denoted would be that of planned frequent interchange of the main fleet from coast to coast. As far back as 1907, when the battle-fleet made its voyage to the Pacific by way of Magellan, and ultimately round the world, I suggested the periodic repetition of the transfer; as tending not only to general efficiency, but to increased aptitude in the administrative processes involved. To this, in my judgment, should be added a practical recognition that the Caribbean Sea and Panama Canal form together a great central position, corresponding to one before imagined for Great Britain, and the most important within the sphere of action of the United States. This can be done either by designation,—the Caribbean Fleet; or by customary presence there, as being the center, to and from which movement takes place. One effect of this, and of the interchange advocated, would be to enforce the necessity for developing dockyard equipment and supplies both in the Caribbean and in the Pacific; now less complete than they should be from the military point of view. Another gain would be the facility which practice gives in passing the fleet from sea to sea. Although the manipulation must be always under the charge of the Canal force, it is likely that, as a military measure, repetition would develop methods in the management of the fleet conducive to rapidity and security. A right of way for the whole fleet, unbroken by merchant vessels, should be guaranteed.

Above all, as a political measure, interchange would tend to appease sectional jealousy; while the assumption of the Canal and Caribbean as the main habitual station of the fleet would recognize actual international conditions, and in military calculations would form a sound habit of mind, which is possibly even more important than correct position accidentally taken,—not based on reasoned judgment.

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The subject has been treated so far from the merely defensive side; from the standpoint only of national local security as involved in the distribution of the fleet. It is to be borne in mind that this may have larger—or, rather, wider—functions to perform. It may be thought necessary, even from motives of defense, to transfer the fleet to external possessions, such as Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. Under particular circumstances it may be considered that defense is best promoted by offensive action; for such action, judiciously planned and adequately executed, tends to keep the enemy's fleet where our own is, and therefore distant from our shores. "It is suggested," wrote Nelson in 1801, "that the Danish fleet will take advantage of our going up the Sound to escape and get to France; but I own I do not think they will send away so large a force while their capital and their own shores are threatened." In the days, centuries ago, when England really feared Spain, her seamen thought an attack on Cadiz, or elsewhere near the Spanish heart, the surest means to secure English shores. "Singeing the King of Spain's beard," they called it.

This is but a commonplace of military art, and of the experiences upon which that art is founded. Napoleon in 1812, having in view the protection of Badajoz, then a French fortress in Spain, wrote as follows to Marmont, commanding in that region: "Concentrate your army around Salamanca (over a hundred and fifty miles north of Badajoz), keeping ready for instant action. There you are master of all Wellington's movements. If he undertakes to march upon Badajoz, let him go. March straight upon Almeida (a principal British fortress, seventy miles west of Salamanca), and you may be sure he will quickly return. But he understands his business too well to commit such a fault [as making such an attempt] with you by your position threatening Almeida." During our hostilities with Spain, in 1898, while Cervera's squadron was still in Santiago undestroyed, a Spanish division under Cámara sailed hurriedly from Cadiz for Suez, apparently intended against Dewey in the Philippines. It passed the Suez Canal two days before Cervera left Santiago. The reply was to detach an American squadron of adequate force to operate against the Spanish coast. The squadron did not sail, but the publicity of the measure would tend to prevent Cámara

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from going farther; the more so that the whole American fleet was liberated for similar action so soon after, by Cervera's defeat. It will be noted also, that Cámara and Cervera, having been separated by the primary dispositions of Spain, could not afterward unite.

Security, therefore, is not always, nor most certainly, attained by the immediate presence of the defensive force at the position to be defended. Often the purpose may be better accomplished by action elsewhere. It follows that this contingency also must be contemplated in the peace distribution of the Navy. Independently of the greater efficiency which usually characterizes a large assembly of vessels, owing to the mere stimulus of numbers and to the wider mutual competition thereby induced, the fleet when concentrated on the one coast or the other will be more quickly ready for action, sooner and more effectually mobilized, than if separated. To concentrate is more difficult than to disperse, and all administrative processes also will be hastened. It is true, doubtless, that on a coast properly provided with yards preparation is expedited by distributing the fleet among them; and if preparation has not been completed, as it should be, before war comes, such division will be necessary. Concentration, however, in the military sense, does not mean always the immediate contact of the units concerned. Napoleon's instructions to Marmont, quoted above, assigned for the several corps two marches from Salamanca, the center of movement, as a concentration adequate for the particular purpose; because, so distributed, actual junction could be effected speedily enough. "Supporting distance" is the technical expression. So a fleet may be safely dispersed among navy-yards, provided conditions are such that preparation can be made and junction effected before a concentrated enemy appears. All this, however, is better done before war can begin; while, if it has been postponed, the whole process, if the fleet is together, can be completed sooner than if at the outset part is upon the Atlantic coast and part on the Pacific. As no useful end can be accomplished by such division, there appears no valid military argument against sustained concentration in peace.

In conclusion, a word may be said as to the real military relation of the Canal to the Navy, and of the Navy to the Canal; a question not always understood, and thought by

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some to have a relation to the distribution of the fleet. It is said at times, somewhat querulously, that when there was no Canal this was advanced as an argument for a larger fleet, both coasts needing naval protection; but that when the Canal became an assured certainty its protection was alleged in turn as a reason for increasing the Navy. Some eminent citizens, a few years ago, memorialized Congress against fortifying the Canal, because, " with all the fortifications possible, it is still apparent that in time of war a guard of battle-ships at each entrance would be an absolute necessity, and equally apparent that with such guard the fortifications would be unnecessary." It is not easy to cite a more egregious instance of the dangers of the ignorant dealing with technical questions.

The relation of the Canal to the Navy is that it opens a much shorter line of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and thereby does enable a given number of ships—a given strength of fleet—to do a much greater amount of work; in the sense that it is able to reach one coast from the other in so much less time as is required to go by it instead of by the Strait of Magellan. Such an advantage may be represented in terms of fewer ships, as well as of less time. It is conceivable, though not probable, that both coasts might be exposed to attack at the same moment. Without the Canal this contingency could be met only by two fleets—that is, one of competent number on each coast. With the Canal not only is transfer quicker and, as to administrative problems, easier, but a fleet smaller in numbers than the aggregate of the two, yet decisively superior to either enemy, has the chance of destroying first the one and then the other, as the Japanese destroyed first the Port Arthur fleet and then Rodjestvensky's. The value of the time element contributed by the Canal is apparent.

Under present conditions, such a combination of enemies is unlikely, although in calculation it must be contemplated. With but one enemy, the Canal saves time, if the concentrated fleet has to go from one coast to the other. In last resort, if properly fortified, the Canal affords a retreat in case of reverse, and a means of speedy return when reestablished. The Canal, in short, is a central position, from which action may be taken in either direction, and it is also a decisive link in a most important line of communications. It is possible that, in the European war that has begun

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since these lines were written, the Kiel Canal may afford pertinent illustration.

That the Canal may so serve it must be fortified, and able to stand by itself, without battle-ship help against attack. The relation of the fleet to the Canal is that of every fleet to a port that has back of it no immediate resources, and must be supplied from home; for instance, the relation of the British fleet to Gibraltar. The fleet keeps open the communications by controlling the sea. I doubt if during the three years' siege of Gibraltar the navy proper fired a gun in defense of the port; it was there very rarely, at long intervals, to bring supplies. The Russian ships shut up in Port Arthur were equally useless for assistance in the defense. To detach from the fleet—to divide it—in order to assist in defense of the Canal, is not only open to the same objection as division between the coasts, but it will have the further disadvantage of being a measure inherently futile to the proposed end.

The Canal, therefore, assures the communications of the fleet, and in this respect is to be considered as a highway, as a means of transit. The fleet assures the communications, the line of supplies, to the Canal and its defenses, which from this point of view are an advanced base of operations. These services are reciprocal, but distinct. That Panama will have the unique privilege of two entrances, one on each ocean, assuring two lines of supplies, widely divergent, emphasizes its independence, and that of the fleet; which, when acting in one ocean, has thus a covered line of supply in the other. In the matter of defense, regarded as a question of mere fighting, the fleet and Canal have no essential connection with each other. The Canal should be so fortified as to be indifferent, at a moment of attack, whether the fleet is in its ports or a thousand miles away.

A. T. Mahan.

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THE ART AND PRACTICE OF SUBMARINE SIGNALING

BY HENRY L. HIGGINSON

THE history of all inventions which have been important factors in the development of civilization and landmarks of progress follows strikingly similar lines. First there is the bold conception in the mind of the inventor, who has dreamed dreams and devoted long days and nights to the working out of his particular theory. In the face of jeers from his contemporaries, in spite of the discouragements of failure, he persists undaunted. He is inspired with an idea, and, ignoring all obstacles, works on with unflagging zeal and undiminished hope until at last success crowns his efforts. What men have called a figment of the imagination has at last become a tangible reality.

At this stage of development, when the inventor has pronounced his work perfect and a jury of his peers has commended it as suited to the purpose for which it is intended, the battle has been only half won, or, it may be, not won at all. Many an idea which men have worked and dreamed over for years, for which they have starved and suffered, has borne only the fruit of disappointment because of its utter impracticability. Many others, brought forth after years of unceasing effort by the inventor, have been rendered useless and have failed of their purpose through inability to convince people of their value; for an invention once perfected can only become of real use through general adoption in the fields for which it is suited, and the education of the public to this end is quite as important and essential as the preliminary work on the apparatus itself. It is on this account that I say an invention once perfected has only passed through the first chapter of its history, and it often takes years to win a public hearing, to secure its general

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adoption, and thus enable it to enter on its career of usefulness to man.

Take, for instance, the history of the telephone. For many years Mr. Bell worked on the problem of transmitting sound over a wire, and men laughed at the idea. At last the thing was actually accomplished in a small way and the sneers became less audible; but even then there was no conception of the telephone as a universal necessity and accompaniment of every-day life. The Bell Telephone Company passed through years of struggle, which killed some good men, in the effort to put it on its feet and convince the public of its usefulness.

Wireless telegraphy is a more recent example. Its application was understood, but not fully appreciated for some years. Time, persuasion, even disaster, were required to force the adoption of what is now recognized as a public necessity.

For several years I have been interested in a device which can guard ships against the perils of fog. The instrument has been perfected, the apparatus has been brought to a commercial standard, and the problem now is to extend its use by its introduction on all ships and its installation at all danger points on the coast, so as to render ocean travel as safe as it is possible to make it. To persuade Government officials, ship-owners, the great public, in fact all who sail the seas, of the efficacy of this invention, and thus make possible its adoption for the sake of the welfare of humanity is the problem which now confronts us. We have now reached the stage where from the standpoint of the public good we may legitimately enlist the aid of public opinion to secure its universal adoption.

For twenty-five years men have been trying to devise methods of transmitting and receiving sounds under water, for it has long been known that water is a steadier and more constant conductor of sound than air, as well as an effective and quick conductor. Sound through the water is conveyed at the rate of about 4,400 feet per second, or four times as fast as through the air. Furthermore, the passage of sound through air is often uncertain and irregular because the air is full of currents and of " sound-holes," not being of uniform density. Ships have collided and great loss of life ensued, as in the case of the *Storsdadt* and the *Empress of Ireland* a short time ago, because the officers

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could not judge the distance or direction of whistled warnings sent through the air. There are many instances where ships have gone on the rocks within hearing distance of ordinary bell buoys and sirens, because of inability to hear the warning signal or to judge of the direction whence it came. The captain of the Steamship *California* which went ashore on Tory Island in June of this year reported that, though only about half a mile from the lighthouse, he did not hear the fog-horn. Endless examples of this sort might be enumerated to illustrate the uncertainty of sound transmission through the air. The point, however, is that sounds conveyed through water are not subject to such local disturbances, are more certain, regular, and rapid, and therefore more reliable.

Submarine bells placed under water at dangerous points on the coast or hung over the side of lightships are rung by mechanism on shore or lightship, or sometimes by the action of the waves themselves, and the sound is transmitted through the water to the ship at sea. The ship equipped to receive these bell signals have "listening tanks" on each side, and by listening on alternate sides the navigator can tell the direction from which the sound of the bell is coming, and can thus locate within a point the source of the sound. Mariners are in this way able to avoid dangerous places on the coast, even in thick fog, and to enter harbor when ships not so equipped must wait until the fog lifts. The apparatus is further adapted to intercommunication between submarine ships and their tenders.

The placing of bells at dangerous points on the shore is of little use, however, unless the ships passing those points are equipped to receive the signals. One is helpless without the other, and the full benefit of this useful invention can only be obtained when all ships are equipped to receive the signals, and all danger points on the coast and in the harbors of the world have bells sending out their warnings and thus create a "wall of sound" for the protection of all who sail the seas.

A most important development in submarine signaling has lately been brought about by Professor R. A. Fessenden, who has made possible inter-ship communication by means of his Submarine Telegraph Oscillator. This oscillator is a kind of electric motor which causes a heavy steel disk to vibrate with a certain frequency and thus produces

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sound waves which travel through the water for many miles. This device marks a long step forward in the art and practice of submarine signaling. With it such a disaster as that which recently occurred in the St. Lawrence, when the *Empress of Ireland* was rammed and sunk in a fog with the consequent loss of many lives, might have been averted had both ships been equipped with this oscillator. In fact, it might have been averted had the *Storsdadt* carried even an ordinary emergency bell, which, hung over the side, would have warned the ill-fated steamer and enabled her, through her receiving device, to locate the position of the *Storsdadt* and thus avoided the collision.

The oscillator is not only a powerful sound-producer, but also a sensitive sound-receiver, and with it direction of sound under water can be detected at a considerable distance—not only the sound of another oscillator, but that of a submarine bell or even the throb of a ship's engines. It is of further use in locating the direction of silent bodies such as icebergs because of the echo which a solid body of this sort gives under water. Experiments in this connection were carried out last April on board the United States Revenue Cutter *Miami,* of the Ice Patrol Service, off Newfoundland Banks. There it was found possible to ascertain the direction and distance of large icebergs. This is attested by the official report of the captain of the *Miami.* In fact, we may say with certainty that had the *Titanic* been equipped with this device she might have determined the presence and location of the iceberg, and thus the greatest sea-tragedy of modern times might have been avoided.

The only power which can force the adoption of the means of preventing accidents which I have sketched is that of public opinion. This, when sufficiently aroused, will compel ship-owners, governments, and the traveling public to demand such equipment as will prevent accidents, instead of trying to save lives after the accident has occurred. When once the fact is fully realized that very many losses of life and property are unnecessary, and therefore criminal, it would seem the duty of national governments to order the use of this apparatus on all passenger-ships.

An ounce of prevention is worth a shipload of life-boats.

HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

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A SHORT METHOD WITH THE RAILWAYS—A NEW "PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE"

BY APPLETON MORGAN

WHATEVER else Henry the Eighth of England was, or was not, he proposed to be a constitutional monarch. Although a Tudor, whose will was Law, he at least never fell into the error that cost Charles the First his head—the error of helping himself to anything which he might, by a little patience, have manipulated his Parliament into begging him to accept!

When he cast greedy eyes upon the enormous hoards of the Monasteries, he proceeded with the most admirable circumspection. He caused it to be represented to Parliament that His Majesty had learned with sorrow that there were divers rumors of irregularities and even of immoralities in these Religious establishments, humbly begging that Parliament would be pleased to appoint a Commission to inquire into the truth of these most regrettable rumors.

Furthermore, the royal message suggested that, should any such irregularities or immoralities be discovered, it might be the duty of Parliament to seize upon the holdings of this, that, or the other Religious House, and that the burden of the public taxes of which England so justly complained, etc., would be mitigated to just the extent of that particular escheat!

The Parliament was not lax in taking its cue. What the Commissions sought, that they found. They reported all the irregularities and immoralities the most exacting King could desire. The Decrees of Parliament followed. Half the religious establishments in England were legally raped, ravished, and wiped out of existence.

His Majesty gracefully accepted the loot of the one half.

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But there remained yet another half, against which no irregularities or immoralities had been reported.

Accordingly, there were organized what were called "Pilgrimages of Grace." These were public uprisings to protest against this wholesale spoliation of what the common people had so long held sacred. In many parts of the interior, mobs of men and women were formed, or induced to form themselves, into processions. The Riot Act was read to these processions. They did not disperse; they even burned a few hay-ricks and were guilty of other equally blood-curdling atrocities! But, even then, Henry was still the constitutional monarch. Instead of hanging, drawing, and quartering these malcontents at once (he attended to that later) he sent still other Commissioners. These Commissioners labored with the heads of these *émeutes*—convinced them that His Majesty's only solicitude was for his poor subjects groaning under the burdens of intolerable taxation, and that all he sought was the happiness of his people!

Thus procuring the disbandment of these "Pilgrimages of Grace," the rest was easy. The leaders were hung, drawn, and quartered in due and ancient form. And—to remove a possible temptation for more Pilgrimages of Grace against the peace and order of the Realm—the King proclaimed the confiscation of the remaining Religious establishments, and distributed their possessions to his favorites. That any burden of taxation anywhere was ever lightened, history omits to record. But the wealth of the Monasteries had peacefully disappeared into the Royal coffers!

Doubtless the Railways of the United States would just at present welcome a Henry the Eighth or a Pilgrimage of Grace! To be subjected to one single potentate, or even to two potentates of collateral or concurrent jurisdiction, would be at least nicer than to fall under the yokes of hundreds of potentates each one of whom hoards his edicts as precedents to brandish over the victim who shall venture to move at some tremor of his own discretion.

Forty-eight States, each with a Board of Railway Commissioners. In each of these forty-eight States a hundred, possibly two hundred, counties, each with its Board of Railway Supervisors, assessors, and collectors! In each county, perhaps, a city with its body of Railway ordinances, to say nothing of Committees of Visitation, investigation, and

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emendation of Railway procedures! And then, overlording them all, the Interstate Commerce Commission (which for the first ten years of its existence carefully avoided making any decision that could possibly affect a Railway situation, but which has lately assumed Prætorian jurisdiction and permits no item of railway situation to escape its edicts)! The Sherman Law, the Elkins Law, the Hepburn Law, the Newlands Bill, and the Clayton Bill, which, as this paper is being prepared, have been debated and trimmed and contorted for the better part of a Congressional year in the quest of something they can prohibit a Railway from doing or refrain from doing which the Sherman Law, the Elkins Law, the Hepburn Law, etc., have not already forbidden that railway from doing or refraining from doing! These two bills —except that they will be declaratory and re-emphatic of their predecessors, are supposed to expend their aim mostly at "Interlocking Directorates"—that is, at providing that no Railway shall select efficient or experienced persons as directors, but that each Railway shall add to the efficiency and the economy of its public service by possessing a board of experimental directors of its very exclusively own.

Since the only possible peril to the public in an Interlocking Directorate is that such interlocking directorate might work to prevent that healthy rivalry or competition which is supposed to be to the interest of the public—when this Interstate Commerce Commission decrees (as we shall see later on that it does decree) a uniform tariff for all Railways to charge its shippers, it is rather difficult for the lay mind to perceive how, since Railways can only compete by way of their tariffs, an Interlocking Directorate or two can prevent a competition which the Interstate Commerce Commission has already forbidden, and so injure this same Public!

But the Interstate Commerce Commission, besides taking Prætorian jurisdiction of the procedure, the operation, and the revenues of the Railway, goes still further and commandeers its maintenance ("maintenance of way," to use the distribution term of Railway internal adjustments). It orders (Edict of July, 1914) that the common carrier, whether doing State or Interstate business, must report to it its each extension, betterment of physical or corporal condition, improvement, or change in character, location by actual count, weight, measurement, or extension "Distri-

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bution by primary accounts, in accordance with the commission's classifications. Reports and summaries shall be made by jobs, and separately by owners and States, Territories, and the District of Columbia. The completion reports for such jobs as extend over two or more fiscal years shall be made in full detail for the entire period covered by the work, and the amounts expended in each fiscal year shall be stated in summary form, whether completed or uncompleted, accompanied by such plans, profiles, diagrams, kept by jobs in such complete detail as to units and quantities of the material and labor entering therein so as to show a unit of analysis of their cost." (The use of the word "job" indicating that not only the completed betterment, but its progress, shall be under espionage, as if one should tax, not only the new skyscraper and the new bridge, but the scaffolding and the false-works necessitated by their building!) This being by the way (for it is announced that this is only the beginning and that other edicts will follow shortly) the first step in that Prætorian jurisdiction of bond or stock issues or debenture-securities to meet all future obligations for construction of betterments of the American Railway.

This is about all up to the present time—unless we should catalogue the threat of legislation of "personal responsibility," by which is understood laws providing that a director shall be personally punished by fine or imprisonment or both for the misdeeds of his Railway, so that no criminal caught aiding or abetting the prosperity of the nation, through any Railway, shall by any possibility escape; or the device called a "Public Service Commission," which any municipality of importance can institute (and numbers of them have already instituted) to pick barer yet the already picked bare bones of a devoted Railway. The edict of the Prætorian Commission of August 1, 1914, that certain Railways may, and certain other Railways may not, raise their tariffs, is a still firmer welding of the Railway shackles, and the Railways can see the Greeks bearing gifts with naked eye in that! Like unto the "Trades Commission Bill, which creates another Prætorian Commission that shall hereafter say what is "fair" and what is "unfair" competition in any transaction between anybody and anybody else—it puts all matters of Commerce within the mercies of a Paternal Government. With Commerce *quoad*

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Commerce this paper has no temptation to deal. But if it be demanded, "What then have these sinful Railways done to bring down upon their heads all this crash of legislation, what would the answer be?

Not indeed the awful condition of, say, the New Haven "looting." For, bad as it is, that "looting" has no more to do with these laws and rules than a burglarizing of Tiffany's jewelry establishment would have to do with the prices it charged its customers for diamonds or the wages it paid its employees! Not a malignant purpose on the part of these railways to overcharge somebody, for long before the days even of the Interstate Commerce Commission these Railways, at no inconsiderable disbursement, of their own motion, established what were familiarly known as "Pool Commissions" to themselves equate and mobilize and make just to all parties and all territories their rates and tariffs. (And no one who remembers the days of those Pool Commissions but recalls those vast bureaus with armies of clerks that they required and maintained.)

So far from being law-breakers or law-ignorers, these Railways maintained other armies of lawyers whose business it was to grope among the forest of laws, statutes, ordinances, rules, minutes of commissions and of commissioners, and dig into thousands of bound volumes of decisions of Courts from the Federal Supreme Court to the appeal from the veriest *piedpoudré* jurisdiction in a county, or perhaps a township, somewhere in the maze of municipal divisions! Groping in an even then bewildering maze of State statutes to find (if it pleased Heaven) what it was that a Railway should do and what it should leave undone!

And the army of clerks and the army of lawyers did at least instruct the Railways what to do and what not to do, and, more or less artlessly, placed before them their obligations to the public! But the moment the Pools ceased and disappeared before the breath of the Interstate Commerce Commission, chaos (and a rather costly chaos they found it) arrived!

In breathless succession arrived Federal rescripts: that no Railway under any conditions shall raise the price of the transportation it sells; that no Railway shall transport commodities in the value of which it, or any of its units, possesses an interest, nor alienate such interest to any save hostile purchasers; and that no Railway shall live in comity

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or harmony with its rivals or competitors, but must compete to furnish the very transportation the price of which it must not raise!

The only possible way in which Railways can compete with one another is in the way of tariffs. And the Northern Securities decision thundered that Railways must compete; at any rate, they must not combine—though, if they are not to compete there seems to be no reason why they should not combine, any more than why they should not possess Interlocking Directorates! But how are Railways to compete if the Interstate Commerce Commission fixes the rates for all Railways? And where is the interest of the public (which, by the way, owns the stock of these Railways anyhow, as well as their bonds, and so is the Railway Industry itself) involved in all this maze of legislation and lawmaking? What a refuge from it all would be the simple Tudor plan of a Sequestration and a Pilgrimage of Grace!

Those lucky Religious Houses were soon at peace. With the disappearance of their possessions their obligations disappeared, too. But like the Poor, the obligations of the Railway are ever with them. There is neither respite nor Nirvana! For these criminals must still go on operating their Railways. They cannot discontinue, lock up their engines, side-track their rolling stock, and go out of business. For the law says to them, you are quasi-public institutions. You were once allowed to condemn a right-of-way before purchasing it of the owner, which act invested you with all the inconveniences and with none of the privileges of Eminent Domain! And so you must go ahead operating your line; and if what we order you to charge for your services in operating does not pay your disbursements, why, so much the worse for you!

If the reader thinks this merely flippant paraphrase of the law, let him go back as far as the month of February, 1911.

The Interstate Commerce Commission (Prouty, Commissioner) "In Re Investigation of Advanced Rates by Carriers in Official Classification," decided (February 22, 1911, page 10) that the Federal authority can regulate the price at which a producer can sell his product, if that product take the character of railway transportation, irrespective of what it cost him to produce that product. But the learned Commissioner makes a qualification, of which obviously no Rail-

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way can take any advantage. He said (page 19), "At the same time the Railway rate is, in the final analysis, a TAX laid upon nearly every species of property, and upon almost every sort of activity; and there is no reason why every other kind of property should be required to pay this particular species of property an undue compensation"—(the capitals are ours).

The learned Commissioner did not state, indeed, wherein the cost of a ton of transportation is any more a TAX upon anybody than the cost of a pound of butter is a TAX upon somebody! Time was when the definition of a "tax" was a rate levied upon a community by the taxing power in that community for the purpose of meeting some expense or disbursement, first decided to be legitimate or desirable or imperative! But the learned commissioner may have used the word in its predatory (we had almost written, in its Pickwickian) sense. Or, as Mr. Bret Harte used it when he pictured his miners who needed the money levying taxes upon any Chinaman who happened to be in the vicinity!

Can anybody figure out how the Public, in whose name all this chaos has been achieved, has ever benefited by this chaos? The adjustments of Railway service are as delicate as the adjustments of a chronometer watch. One figures on the cost of moving a pound of freight over a mile of roadway per wheel and per pound of steam—of the burden of a sixth or a seventh mortgage upon a mile of discontinued siding or a discarded stub-switch, or upon a section of taken-up rails, or upon a lot of locomotive engines sent to the scrap-heap—just simple little theorems like these! And when all these delicate adjustments are further complicated by such an item as the competition of our new waterway through the Isthmus, who shall guess at the effect of the bellowing of all these Behemoths of Public Utility that bellow, "We know nothing of your problems, of the cost of coal, of wages, of strikes, and trades-unions and walking delegates, of mobs that smash your rolling-stock and put your engines out of commission — we don't want to know about your fixed charges or floating debts or disbursements for supplies! Move at your peril! Whatever you are doing—stop doing it! And do something else at your peril! Obey all the laws you can hear of at the risk of disobeying a lot more laws on columns out of sight!"

Let not this extraordinary ruling of Commissioner Prouty

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be cited in any spirit of levity. Unfortunately for the Railways and for the Public which operates them, and silly as it was, it has been followed in its effect until in June, 1914, came a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States Re The Intermountain Rate Case (so called), where the Court holds, imperiously and with Prætorian impressiveness, what, up to this time, even under the silly rule of Mr. Commissioner Prouty, was hardly taken seriously, to wit: That the Interstate Commerce Commission is not limited in its jurisdiction to reviewing interstate rates under the clause in the Constitution giving to the Federal Congress the right to regulate commerce between the States, but "may" (which of course means "shall") actually say what rates the Railways shall charge, indifferently to the cost to them of the service, the price of coal, of labor, or of anything else, whether those Railways operate lines entirely within the boundaries of a single State or not!

The Railway, therefore, that arranged its tariff to enable itself to pay interest upon its bonds to the men who loaned it the capital to build itself, or to pay dividends upon the stock that was taken to enable it to operate itself (for the stockholders are partners in the business of transportation, just as the bondholders are partners who have invested in realty to be used as a Railway)—this Railway must now cease to keep its books. Its sole occupation must be to operate a Railway at such remuneration as an interesting body of doctrinaires at Washington feel disposed to elect. Compared with this, who shall say that the Monasteries that were fortunate enough to be swept out of existence were not to be envied their happy lot!

To be sure, the Minnesota Rate Case decision did for a moment hold out a word of promise to the Railway ear by inference, for it would surely be better, however despotic, to have one tyrant rather than a hundred. But on further examination this promise to the ear is broken to the hope, for it still preserves an option in the Prætorian Interstate Commerce Commission to waive its option at any time in favor of the State jurisdiction.

But, one may say, how is the Public interested in our Railways? If not an investor in Railway securities, or not in the employment of a Railway, what cares the private citizen for these problems?

The answer is, that the portion of the Public which is inde-

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pendent of the transportation business carried on by this partnership of individuals called Railroad Stockholders and Railroad Bondholders would be a curiosity! Statistics of the year 1912 reveal the pregnant fact that in that year alone the Railways of the United States not only paid about two billions of money directly to wage-earners in their operation, but more than two and a half billions more for supplies and commodities used in operation and for services in connection with such supplies and commodities—this two and one-half billions not being even suggested in Railway payrolls! If there is any article of human consumption that a Railway company is not at some time or other a purchaser of in open market it would be interesting to know what that article is! If there is a person in the land who buys or sells or produces from the soil, or manufactures from the raw material, who does not buy transportation or something else of, or sell something directly to, some Railway or to some customer of a Railway, it would be interesting to know where that person could be in hiding. The physician certainly is not, any more than is his lay-brother the lawyer, beyond the employment of the Railway Company. In the year 1910 one American Railway company paid $47,862.14 for laundry-work, and another paid $36,214.04 for eggs! And even the Gospel itself is not so free but that the Railway is called upon to pay for Ebenezers, and Chapels, and Young Men's Christian Associations, for its employees, as well as the salaries of the Divines that minister unto them, especially when in arrears! So that, even in its function as a distributor, the Railway is easily the first and most important institution in our commercial prosperity. To be sure, in a large sense, anything that tends to mobilize wealth, even highway robbery, is a distributor, and the road-agent who holds us up is a public benefactor and merits his old-age pension when he can hold us up no more. But here is a Distributor upon which, if only as a Distributor, and independent of its convenience as a means of locomotion and transportation, our prosperity most largely depends.

Up to the present time, judicial regulation of the Railway industry in the United States has been purely empirical. When a law failed, the only remedy has been—Make more laws! At the present rate of accumulation of decisions, laws, statutes, and ordinances, and rulings and findings of Commissions such as we have glanced at here, it is difficult

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to see an alternative for the Railways (except, of course, bankruptcy, which means the chaos of American credit in the markets of Europe as well as a general bankruptcy at home) other than a return to the old back-stairs, ante-"Gentlemen's Agreement" days of forty years ago, or Federal Ownership with its bonding of a Paternal Nation for five or six billions to buy the physical corpus of the Railways themselves and a civil-service pay-roll it staggers arithmetic to conceive of!

A Railway Code of Procedure to be framed by a consensus of all these Commissions, Boards of Survey, Regulation, and Visitation, Federal, State, and Municipal, and enacted into Law by the Federal Congress, if placed beyond the power of any authority to revise, amend, enlarge, and generally tinker with it, *ad interim,* might quiet the situation altogether, better even than a "Pilgrimage of Grace." It is not impossible but that such a Code of Procedure might be attempted. But meanwhile a fog of despair if not of desperation has closed in and about our American Railways. The horse shies at a wisp of straw in the roadway because his avatar suspected a tiger in the jungle. And the Railway balks at taking a step in any direction in dread of a hundred tigers lurking in Courts, in Commissions, and in Visitations. Then the inevitable follows—that timidity which is more fatal than error, and which leads to chaos. And chaos invites the Strong Man, the Napoleon. And when the Strong Man comes, his private judgment may not invariably run all-fours with the problematical judgment of every one of our Interstate Commerce Commissioners who may come to pass upon his work later on!

The recent passage of the Trades Commission Bill leaves us in no doubt as to the paternal—not to say, the maternal—yearnings of our Federal Government. And when the Clayton Bill shall have become law, it is difficult to see what detail—except the mere detail of physical operation—will be lacking to a complete government control of our American Railways. And for Government to legally control a Railway, and at the same time hold its merely human directors responsible for that Railway's fortuities, is not—well, to say the least, it is not exactly CRICKET! ! !

APPLETON MORGAN.

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THE NEW PARENTS' ASSISTANT

BY STEPHEN PAGET, F.R.C.S.

II

DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH

When I said that we ought to defend the faith of our children, I meant that we ought to help them to defend it for themselves. And I was not thinking of books and arguments and evidences: I was thinking of children too young for much learning.

Children are taught to pray before they are taught to argue; and we all of us know the sort of prayers which they say, and the offhand way in which they speak of their Maker. The prayers do not concern us here, for they are formal, not offhand. All children, at first, pray much the same: that they be made good, and a blessing be on a long list of their nearest and dearest. Some pet animal may be included, and the child may pray to be taken to heaven when he dies; but I do not care for him to say that. His prayers are ritual, rather than original; he loves to be precise over them—he will go through the list again, if he has left out one of us. Our opportunity, therefore, is not in his set prayers, it is in the offhand remarks which he makes to us. And some of us, I think, are too shy of taking this opportunity. To a man or a woman who does not profoundly care for children, these offhand remarks appear to be of no more value than the formal prayers; the child says funny little prayers, and he makes funny little remarks, and there is an end of the matter. But those of us who do profoundly care for children will find, again and again, that the remarks disclose what the prayers hide. And, in this disclosure, we have an opportunity of helping the children to defend their faith.

We are apt to stop at the mere grotesquery of these off-

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hand remarks. We quote them in letters, we send them to newspapers, we bring them out at parties—*I must tell you what my little boy said.* But, so soon as I have heard what the little boy said, I long to know what his mother said. Did she take the opportunity, or did she make a fool of herself, or did she only laugh at him as she is laughing now?

The laughter round the dinner-table is wholesome enough, and as free from affectation as dinner-party laughter can ever hope to be. But it has a special note, a very distinctive note. Each of us, when we hear what the little boy said, is compelled for one moment to look inside self. It does not move me to self-examination if I am told what the man said when he sat down on his hat; but these child-stories do move me to examine what there is of my own defenses of my faith. It does not take me long, but I have to do it; and so has all the company at table. That is the way of these stories; they turn us to the inspection of our own lines of defense, and in we go, and out we come again, each apart and all together, still giving our polite laughter to what the little boy said.

I wish that I could find out how parents and guardians in the ancient world handled *the religious difficulty.* A hideous phrase. Put aside Babylon, and Egypt, and Persia; they are too remote; yet, in Persia, the boys who were taught *to shoot with the bow and to speak the truth* rouse my curiosity. But, when we come to Greece and to Rome, I do wish that I knew what the children were taught about the gods. Those little Athenian, Spartan, and Corinthian boys and girls, how were they taught, at school and at home, to defend their faith? That idyl of Theocritus—the two gossiping women, who take the child to the festival, and push their way through the crowd, to hear the Hymn to Aphrodite—what did the child make of it all? I have lost my Theocritus—perhaps they left the child at home; but let it be granted that they took him. *Mother, what are they singing about? Mother, who is Aphrodite? Where does she live? Can she live where she likes?* Another time, doubtless, they took him to the theater. *Mother, was that really Apollo, or somebody dressed up like him? Have you ever seen him? What should you do, if you did see him? Who made him? What has he to do with the sun? Is he the same as Zeus? I should like to see him and Zeus together, mother.* Oh, these children, these children. At school, I suppose, he

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learned Homer. What explanation was given to him by his teachers, under a Government grant, of the doings of the gods in Homer?

Ancient world or modern world or world a thousand years hence, the import of the children's offhand remarks is unchanging. It is only the setting of them which changes, not the substance. One and all, from Babylon to now, and from now onward, they are all alike; they are sprung on us, as on Praxinoe at the festival; they come of that which is in every child; they may seem different, but the more they change the more they are the same thing. She, I suppose, told her little boy to regard the Homeric stories as true in a way: it was the way that people talked of the gods long ago, and very beautiful it was—no, not exactly what you would call really true: it is very beautiful poetry, and you must learn a lot of it by heart—no, it is not only poetry, it is really true, in a way: things did really happen, of course they did; but Homer—*Never mind all that, mother, I don't want about Homer; I want about the gods—tell me about them.* As it was with her, so it is with us, and ever will be, to the last syllable of appointed time. The children want about God. We fuss over the duty of breaking it gently to them, that this or that Bible-story is not historical. The children do not care one way or the other, they leave us fussing, they race ahead, for they are wanting about God; their wild imaginings of Him rise like dust under the feet of runners, and hide them from us. The endless pursuit of the wonder of Him is upon them; the sound of His name is so loud in their ears that they do not hear us calling them to come back and let us read to them—it is not books that they are thinking of, but God. The Bible-stories were no more than a dropped flag, which started them on their course: they are gone, breathless and untidy, toward Him; and we are left here to explain the Bible-stories to each other. And we say to each other that the children, after all, are only children; they are too young to understand; we must not make them little prigs, little hypocrites; we must wait, be patient; it will be all right, in time.

But I think at the backs of our minds, while we are thus consoling each other for the absence of the children, we are wishing that we had done more for them, had missed no opportunity of helping them to defend their faith. Such opportunity they do give to us, now and again, in their off-

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hand remarks. Take one of many instances. A child was told the story of the Golden Calf; how God was angry at the worship of it. She asked, "Was He angry at that?" She was told that He was. "What, angry at that?" "Yes, very angry; there it was, in the Bible." Then she said, "*Well, I should think anybody else would simply have laughed.*" Now, it is certain that the answer to this off-hand remark, the true, perfect, final answer, is somewhere in existence; the Dialogues of Plato, the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and many books which we foolishly call mystical, must have that answer somewhere about them or between them. None of us could give it extempore, it requires a long period of special reading and hard study; still, there it is, somewhere in old books of philosophy and theology, waiting, asleep, like the princess in the fairy-tale, to be found and waked by a question, as it were by a kiss.

To write the word *defense* is to think of children besieged, and of us helping them to hold on. Picture them and us inclosed in a fort, and the enemy all round it. If we are to be of help, we must immediately examine, and strengthen, the weak points of the defense. The weakest points, of course, are the poverty of the children's minds, and the poverty of ours. But there is a third weak point: it is the poverty of our words. For the defense we need weapons of precision, accurately sighted, and of sufficient range. We must not talk down to the children; we must avoid, so far as we can, the use of baby-language. It may be impossible, sometimes, to lay hand on the right word, but we ought to try, lest the habit of talking down to their level, or what we take to be their level, should land some of us in the vocabulary of "Caliban upon Setebos." It is pitiful that we should thus present their Maker to them, we who ought to raise the whole subject above grossness, cleanse it from idolatry. But I am not sure that we can do much, and what I suggest here is more visionary than practical.

To begin with, we might be more careful to use the present tense, to the exclusion of the past and the future tenses, when we are talking to the children about God. Over *He is,* we are not likely to go wrong; over *He was* and *He will be,* we are. Likewise, the indicative mood is to be preferred before the subjunctive mood—thus, *He would be and He would have been* are even worse than *He will be and He was.* This notion of variableness in time with our doings will not

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help the children to defend their faith. Here may be our first exercise in the art of helping them. Let us keep to the use of the present tense and the indicative mood; let us drill ourselves to be handy with paraphrases of *was* and *will be;* let us forego the use of *would be* and *would have been.* For example, over the story of the Golden Calf we can put the past tense in its proper place, which is Horeb, not Heaven. There *was* a golden calf, and it *was* wrong to worship it. Then comes the question, Why? Then, the delightful escape into the present tense. Golden calves *are* wrong, invariably, wherever they are. In the open air of the present tense we can breathe deep and walk far, taking the children all the way with us.

From this exercise in the restricted use of one tense and one mood we advance to the much harder exercise in the use of adjectives. Is there anything that we can say, if we do not want to say *angry* or *sorry* or *glad?* These and the like adjectives are of immemorial age and universal custom; they are as natural and essential to earth as the hills; they are in the very fabric of all books of religion, and they stand for facts which we cannot translate into words for ourselves, let alone for the children. Words we must have, and the best in this kind are but shadows; we might easier try to make children understand the velocity of light, or the distance of the stars; we have no business, fools like us, to play tricks with these most sacred adjectives. Truly, the answer is, that we have no business. Still, the children come first. And we may have an opportunity, now and again, of reconciling the reverence that we owe to these words with the reverence that we owe to the children, which is *maxima.* But we must prepare ourselves for the opportunity, we must plan our sentence, rehearse our effects; the grown-up mind must be *schooled and exercised,* that it may be of service to the child's mind. If we will do that, we ought to be able to talk religion to the children without hampering it with a lot of inadjustable adjectives. I am reminded how "Saul armed David with his armor, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him." We lend the children our great adjectives, and think that we are helping them to fight Goliath; and they, less wise than David, will not put them off, but go stumbling and embar-

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rassed to meet the enemy under the heavy weight of arms too large for them. Is that the best that we can do to help them to defend their faith? The armor belongs to us, and we have proved it; but the children have not. We are able to handle these adjectives; but the children are not.

Last comes the hardest exercise of all, the impossible exercise in the use of pronouns. I am thinking of children long out of the nursery, and wellnigh out of the schoolroom. We have to help them to apprehend the meaning of *He, His, Him.* We must be very diligent over this exercise, determine our programme and abide by it, foresee all exigencies, and leave nothing to chance. For we may be needed, some day, in haste. There will be an alarm of tempestuous debate in the schoolroom, or a long and grave letter on the breakfast-table, from the son at college, saying that he has ceased to believe, and thinks that we ought to be told; and happy are those parents whose son thinks that they ought to be told. We must be ready for these occasions, we must learn by heart the reason for the use of these pronouns. They are the very life-blood of that which we want the children to believe. We want them to see that they, of themselves, are more than works of Nature, for each of them is able to say *I am,* and not all the forces of Nature put together could enable them to say that. Further, we want them to see that the good in them is just as real as their food and their clothes, and is made for them, and put into them, just as food is made for their stomachs, and put there, and clothes on their backs; and, as the food in them comes from that which has nourishment in it, and the clothes on them from that which has warmth in it, so the good in them comes from that which, somehow, has goodness in it. And, as the good in them is real, so it is just as real, if not more real, in that which gives it to them. It does not wait till it gets to them to be real: it is real right away, in the beginning. So we call it, very properly, Him: because no other word would be of the faintest use. To think of the lives, and the deaths, of good men and women, is to feel quite sure that the word for that which makes them good must be not It, but He. No It could make all those hims and hers, and them so good, and each of them able to say *I am.* The disuse of *He, His, Him* would insult not only faith, but logic.

These exercises, visionary though they are, in the use of tenses, adjectives, and pronouns, may be of some slight as-

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sistance to parents. For there is no denying that we tend to be neglectful of the power of each word when we talk religion to the children. Words are like the germs of malaria, which have two stations of life, one in us, the other in mosquitoes; therefore, what matters to the children is not the meaning of our words to us, but the meaning of our words to them. We tend to forget that; we give them some thin, worn-out phrase to lean on; it breaks, all of a sudden, in the child's hand; down she comes, and pulls us down with her. *Was He really angry? Anybody else would have laughed.* These breakages are bound to happen when clever children throw their whole weight suddenly on such phrases; and it is our fault. It would not happen with phrases of stronger texture. But these we leave to the last, because we think them too hard, too heavy, too philosophical.

But why should we be afraid of talking grown-up to the children? It makes them feel, to their delight, that we are trusting them, honoring them, linking them into our thoughts, and widening the horizon of theirs. Always it is like wormwood in a child's mouth, the sense that we are playing down to him, putting him off with baby-talk. Let us give him not that bitter stuff, but something more nourishing.

I have often wished that I could write a little book of philosophy for children.

Only, this juvenile version of "The Foundations of Belief" would be, like its great namesake, "Notes Introductory." It would be intended to prepare the children to think as they ought of Christianity. It would be an attempt to give them some sort of hold, according to their strength, on the assurance "that among the needs ministered to by Christianity are some which increase rather than diminish with the growth of knowledge and the progress of science; and that this religion is, therefore, no mere reform, appropriate only to a vanished epoch in the history of culture and civilization, but a development of theism now more necessary to us than ever."

For the children have so far to go, from their earliest love of pictures of *Baby Jesus* to any sort or kind of grown-up Christian faith, that they had better be off as soon as possible. Go they will, let us hope, whether we send them or not; so we might as well begin to get them ready now. For none of us knows how long we shall have them with us.

STEPHEN PAGET.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE CHIN

BY DR. LOUIS ROBINSON

In the acquirement of articulate speech man took an enormous stride upward from his brutish ancestry. Not even the adoption of the erect attitude nor the development of his versatile manufacturing hands helped his upward progress in anything like such a marked degree. Yet in attaining this power which at once put him on a higher plane of existence it must be remembered that he acquired not one single new organ or structure in his body. All had to be accomplished somehow with such bones, nerves, and muscles as his animal ancestors had passed on to him. This seems very wonderful when we come to reckon up the astonishingly elaborate physiological processes involved in articulate speech. The actions of very numerous muscles in the respiratory apparatus, the larynx, the tongue, and the lips, have been taught to work together in a way that had never been attempted before.

Perhaps the most marvelous thing of all about the functions of the organs of speech is that they are *brand-new* from an evolutionary standpoint, and are the product of one brief stage in our racial history.

In this they differ from almost all the other functions of the body, which date back through a long line of ancestry to the very beginnings of life on the earth.

The difference between human articulate speech and what takes its place in some measure among the creatures below us in the animal scale is enormous. Many creatures, the birds especially, have elaborate methods of vocal communication, and in all probability our prehuman ancestors possessed the same natural gifts; but the difference between any system of stereotyped animal noises and true human speech is so great that it seems doubtful whether the one is derived from the other at all. Probably in our modern methods of

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expression we have a few fossil remnants of the old pre-human cries in the form of exclamations such as oh! and ah! which appear to be merely conventionalized groans or shrieks common to all the peoples of the earth, but scarcely any seem to have passed into our accepted vocabularies.

Now in the adoption of human speech, and in the transformation of various pieces of animal mechanism for this purpose, structural differences must have arisen which should be quite easy to point out; just as the acquirement of the erect attitude has given rise to obvious changes in the spine and pelvis. These peculiarities of structure due to a radical change of habit seem to have attracted little attention, as such, from the anatomists, who are still to a great extent under the spell of the old view that man appeared suddenly in the world with all his distinctively human attributes. Yet ever since Darwin first taught us the truth, plenty of evidence has come to light that we have become both mentally and physically what we are through a series of evolutionary changes from some form closely resembling the great apes.

In the numerous comparisons between our bodily structure and that of the other Primates to which the evolutionary theory of man's origin has given rise, the anatomical parts of the tongue and lower jaw seem to have been curiously neglected; yet a very little study of these parts shows us certain curious and suggestive points of dissimilarity which at once invite further investigation.

When we examine the lower jaw-bone of a civilized man we find that the inner surface, corresponding to the part between the lower incisor teeth and the chin, is convex from above downward, and has on it certain bony prominences or tubercles. In every current work on anatomy this is set forth as the normal condition of affairs, and certainly it is true of the higher races. Among all the apes, without exception, an exactly opposite condition is found. Here the inner surface of the jaw-bone tends to be concave in profile, and where in man there is a marked bony prominence, or tubercle, we find a pit or depression, sometimes so deep that it almost penetrates through to the front lamina of the bone.

I do not know whether any comparative anatomist has previously made out the purpose of this curious pit in the jaws of the apes: I certainly was not aware of it myself until a series of dissections showed that from the bottom of

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the pit arose the tendon of a muscle called the genio-glossus, which spreads out like a fan along the middle line of the lower surface of the tongue and obviously assists greatly in its movements. Then it became plain that the pit served the special purpose of giving room for this little muscle, which is evidently of importance in the economy of all the lower Primates.

An examination of the jaw-bones of other animals such as dogs, cats, pigs, etc., shows no trace of this pit, and in most of them it is obvious that the tongue lies flat in the lower jaw-bone, with no room between for the working of any muscular machinery which could pull in a direction at right angles to the main plane of the tongue. Now the special purpose served by the genio-glossus muscle in monkeys is in all probability that of aiding the tongue to act as a sorter of the contents of the mouth, so that undesirable refuse such as nutshells, for example, should not be swallowed. Many of the Old World apes also warehouse a good deal of miscellaneous provender in their cheek pouches, and here the tongue plays the part of storekeeper, dealing out what is required of the stock in hand. Most other animals, such as dogs, seem to show great difficulty in getting rid of any undesirable morsel which has once been taken into the mouth, and when it is necessary to do so quite other processes are made use of. An examination of the interior of the mouths of our domestic cattle, or, better still, of camels and giraffes, shows that the cheeks are lined with a great number of long, pointed papillæ, and the animals manage to get rid of dangerous thorns or other undesirable objects by pushing them sideways and then moving the tongue backward and forward so that the papillæ take charge of them and work them out.

It is worth while to take careful note of this discriminating function of the tongue of the apes in which the genio-glossus muscle seems to play a great part, because it appears to be the basis or rough material from which our most important lingual speech machinery has been evolved.

It is, of course, obvious that the remarkable difference existing between the jaws of the apes (which almost certainly correspond with those of our prehuman ancestors) and the modern type of human jaw was the result of no sudden change.

The writer has been able to demonstrate the whole prog-

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ress of this interesting piece of evolution, and also to point out the still more interesting reasons why it occurred. Some years ago when his attention was first drawn to the remarkable difference in the inferior maxilla of apes and of men, he commenced making a series of plaster casts of the parts involved for purposes of exact comparison. This was done because, even in the most complete museums, it is difficult to get a large number of mandibles side by side and carefully to examine their differences. His method was to carry about with him some pieces of wax that would soften at a low temperature and, whenever opportunities offered, to take impressions of that part of the inner side of the lower jaw which is beneath the incisor teeth. The whole family of the Primates was brought into requisition as much as possible from the lemurs to modern man, and a large collection of plaster facsimiles of jaws was so obtained. Fortunately the natural-history museums of Europe, and especially of England, afford an abundant supply of material. Most useful of all was the remarkable ethnological collection in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, which has been contributed to by numerous explorers, colonists, and missionaries from all parts of the world. A description of the whole series thus obtained would be a wearisome business to those not interested in anatomical minutiæ. Let it suffice to say that from the mass could be selected a number which showed a gradation without a single break from one extreme type to the other; that is, from the concave surface and deep pit of the lower monkeys to the convexity and pronounced tubercles of modern man.

It is the change in the general outline of the jaw in man which is the most remarkable from the anatomist's standpoint, since it involves a departure from the type that is almost universal among all vertebrates. There is a strong tendency observable throughout Nature to follow certain beaten tracks, and whenever we find a marked deviation taking place it is a pretty sure sign of special evolutionary forces conducing to the change. Naturally each creature tends to inherit the general structural features of its parents; hence where no circumstances of environment enforcing a change come into play there is a remarkable conservatism manifest throughout Nature. Conversely, if we find that one part of the body has in a comparatively few

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generations undergone a complete change of shape we may be sure that it signifies some urgent adaptation to new conditions of life.

Now the shape of the lower jaw has been curiously uniform from the earliest mesozoic times, except where certain special changes have been caused by the needs of such animals as the whale, the elephant, and the dugong. Hence when we find the ordinary retreating surface of the lower jaw-bone tilted downward so as to form a human chin, we may be sure that such a change was absolutely necessary in meeting certain needs. Those students of mankind who have not, like the older type, taken the human face for granted as the product of a single creation, have endeavored to account for man's chin by saying that it is essential to the human ideal of beauty. This really does not help the solution at all, unless we know how such an ideal arose. Doubtless in every species of animal the ideal differs, otherwise we should not find the many peculiar forms of decoration which evidently, in their proper place, appeal to the admiration of the other sex. This would be doubtless true of monkeys and of man's apelike ancestor, as it is of birds and other highly decorated creatures where sexual selection evidently has such a marked influence. But if at one time an apish ideal satisfied our early forefathers, and a very different ideal appeals to us, it is evident that we have to account for the change of standard.

Now there can be no doubt that sexual selection has been a great aid to progress, because the traits which appear worthy of admiration are very often an index to higher qualities of mind and body. There appears to be an instinctive perception of the trend of things toward a higher plane, since practically every characteristic which tends to satisfy our ideal of human beauty is an index of those qualities which conduce to the prosperity of the race. If any physical change is called for to bring some animal into harmony with its environment, those creatures which vary in this direction would be more successful in life's race, and therefore more desirable as mates or comrades.

Hence if the human chin was a distinct index of qualities leading to success among human affairs we may be sure that it would become a desirable feature, and a thing of beauty, in the eyes of our remote progenitors when matrimonially inclined.

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Why was the lower edge of the front of the mandible tilted further and further downward as man advanced to his distinctly human status? That such was the fact is shown by those interesting relics which have recently come to light, found near Heidelberg, and at Piltdown in Sussex.

The fact is that, when the genio-glossus muscle, so useful among the apes in aiding the tongue in sorting shells from kernels, was required for the much more exacting processes of human speech, the arrangement to give it room to work beneath the tongue had to undergo a total alteration. In anything like rapid articulate speech the tongue performs from eight to ten separate movements per second. Absolute precision is required, otherwise articulation becomes imperfect; and hence there is a need of machinery which works unhampered, and at the greatest possible mechanical advantage. Now in the human subject the genio-glossus muscle is very different from that in any of the apes. Not only is it much larger, but its wider form enables it to spread up into a number of separate bundles which act independently of one another just as if they were so many distinct muscles. One interesting proof of this is the way in which it receives its nerve supply, for the hypo-glossal nerve (in man), instead of entering it at one spot and splitting up within the muscle, after the usual manner of muscle inervation, splits up before reaching the genio-glossus and sends a separate branch to each fasciculus.

In the human subject the muscle is not only much larger than in any of the apes, but its importance among the tongue muscles is also greatly increased. Here is proof that the functions that it performs have to do with our distinctively human existence. Curiously enough, the anatomists seem to have ignored this fact altogether, and scarcely any of them make any allusion whatever to the genio-glossus as having duties in aiding articulate speech. The functions allotted to it in our books of anatomy are those of thrusting out and drawing in the tongue, and of lowering its central region as in the act of sucking. It is, of course, obvious that there are plenty of animals which do all these things as well, or better, than human beings; and yet in some of them the muscle is a barely perceptible slip of flesh.

Any one with a diagram of the muscle before him can convince himself as to its peculiar action in the pronouncing of such sounds as the letters T and K, in which certain

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parts of the tongue have to be drawn away from the roof of the mouth with great precision and rapidity. In such cases the pull of certain fasciculi of the genio-glossus is, at the moment of action, practically at right-angles to the main plane of the tongue, and a mere shortening of the fibers concerned accomplishes the act in the simplest possible manner.

Now in order to get this free and independent action the separate bundles need to spread well away from their fellows from their very point of origin on the inner side of the lower jaw. When the fibers are crowded in a deep pit, as in the monkeys, it is obvious that there can be no such independent action: hence the tilting downward and forward of the lower edge of the jaw to give engine room beneath the tongue for the free working of this needful piece of machinery. Nature even goes further than this in facilitating the above arrangements, for in all the more highly developed races of mankind a little prominence appears just below the site of the ancient pit. From the summit of this the radiating fibers of the muscle can obviously spread with the greatest advantage, and no risk remains of their hampering one another.

The muscles of the tongue are of two distinct kinds. The organ is mainly made up of fleshy fibers which commence and end in the tongue itself. Broadly speaking, these consist of a longitudinal layer of fibers on the upper surface, a transverse layer through the middle, and another thin longitudinal layer underneath. These muscles may be compared to those toward the tip of an elephant's trunk. Obviously in all their movements they must be associated together, and hence are too much hampered for very rapid and precise action. Doubtless these intrinsic muscles of the tongue play a considerable part in speech, but were it not for the control obviously exercised over them by the extrinsic muscles (which are attached to firm bony points) they could not be of any great service. In the pronunciation of the letters given above it is probable the superior lingual is responsible for bringing parts of the tongue to the roof of the mouth. The limitation of this action, however, and especially the rapid movement away from the palate, must be due to some part of the fanlike genio-glossus.

Since nearly all the movements connected with articulate speech take place along or near the central line of the tongue, we need pay but little attention to the other ex-

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trinsic muscles reaching it from bony points outside, such as the hyo-glossus and stylo-glossus. In apes and in some lower animals which I have dissected these appear almost as well developed as in man, whereas the genio-glossus is not found anything like so fully developed in any other creature. One chief duty of the genio-glossus appears to be to act as a *control* in exactly regulating the position of the upper surface of the tongue as regards the palate. In diagrams illustrating the position of the tongue and palate in the pronunciation of different vowels Professor von Meyer of Zurich has shown the importance of this adjustment. Strangely enough, however, it seems never to have occurred to him that the genio-glossus muscle was the only agent capable of exercising this exact control all along the upper surface of the tongue.

As I have said above, the plaster casts which I have collected show a complete gradation in the arrangements for the play of the genio-glossus muscle from the deep pit present in all the apes (which I have called the simian pit) to the prominence known as the genial tubercle in our current works on human anatomy. Of this series of specimens the first is a fossil lemur in which the ancient generalized type of jaw is beginning to manifest certain apelike characteristics. Here two small depressions are visible which are the commencement of the simian pits. As soon as we reach the monkeys, especially the catarrhine apes of the Old World, we find that the pit has become very much deeper. In the baboons, the outward shape of whose heads shows considerable resemblance to those of bears or dogs, we find an exceedingly deep hollow in the under jaw. No observer could possibly mistake the mandible of a baboon for that of one of the carnivora, in which class of animals any such provision for the genio-glossus muscle is quite wanting.

When we reach the anthropoid apes the type is beginning to change, for in some orangs and chimpanzees, and especially in certain of the gibbons, the lower edge of the jaw-bone beneath the incisor teeth is tilted somewhat downward. Whenever this occurs it eases the crowding of the structures beneath the tongue, so that the pit is no longer necessary, and tends to become shallower. In my series of specimens of apes' jaw-bones, the one with the least depression of all is that of the siamang gibbon, which has quite a respectable chin. Next in the series come the two very ancient human

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jaw-bones found at Heidelberg and at Naulette, both of which show the simian pit still present in almost as marked a degree as in the siamang.

It may be as well to remark here that in the celebrated Heidelberg jaw there is a tubercle present which has been mistaken for the place of attachment of the genio-glossus muscle. A comparison with other jaws, however, at once shows that it is too near the lower border to answer this purpose, and that it represents one of the lower and lesser genial tubercles described in our books on human anatomy. These give attachment to a muscle which passes straight from the lower jaw to the hyoid bone, and has no connection with the tongue. This muscle, with its bony point of attachment, is well developed among the apes in other lower animals.

Next in the scale is a Central African Pygmy, in which the pit is as deep, or deeper, than in prehistoric man. Then come a series of very remarkable specimens consisting of all the Bushmen and Hottentot jaws that I have been able to obtain. They offer considerable variety, but all are very different from the civilized type. In the great majority no tubercles have arisen and the remains of the pit are present. In some the surface is almost smooth, and in others—especially in the Hottentot jaws—two tiny prominences are seen beginning to bulge up from the concave under side of the pit. Next above the Bushmen and Hottentots come the Andamanese, who are somewhat akin to them in race, and the Veddahs of Ceylon. These all differ very markedly from the type described in our current works of anatomy.

As soon, however, as one examines jaw-bones from the higher grades of savages one gets an approximation to the civilized type, and this approximation increases as one goes up the scale of civilization.

It is, of course, too much to say that any part of the mechanism apparent in the structure of modern men which has to do with articulate speech is absolutely necessary to enable people to talk. We know quite well that many of the savage languages consist largely of guttural noises, clicks, and other uncouth sounds in which very few elaborate tongue movements would be required, and yet such people make themselves sufficiently understood as far as their needs go. It is, however, a noteworthy and suggestive fact that in various parts of the world where elaborate languages have

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been evolved independently, and now play an important part in the lives of the people, all the speech mechanism which we have been here discussing is shown in a highly developed form.

I think it is exceedingly probable that most characteristics of the human countenance in which it differs from the same parts in apes and other animals bear traces of the influence of articulate speech. For instance, the air-chambers of the nasal passages, brow, and cheek bones have an undoubted value in increasing the resonance and in improving the quality of the voice. This is proved by the fact that, when these chambers are blocked by catarrh or inflammation, the effect on the voice is disastrous. Let any one, while declaiming some impressive piece of oratory, try to continue it with the nostrils held, and the whole performance degenerates into a ludicrous farce. Now our prominent noses and the filling out of the cheek-bones beneath the eyes to give room for that large chamber called the *antrum of Highmore*, together with the heightening of the brow above and the lessening of the alveolar part of the jaw to accommodate our smaller set of teeth, account for the main differences between "the human face divine" and the animal visage of any of the apes. It would take one too far afield on the present occasion to discuss the relationship between articulate speech and these other parts of the face—so let us return to the lower jaw.

In most anatomical museums, and at many colleges where scientific dentistry is taught, are to be seen preparations of human and animal jaws with the outer wall taken away to show the growth of the teeth in the alveolar cavities. An examination of such a preparation of the jaws of one of the great anthropoid apes is exceedingly instructive. The enormous lower canines have their roots reaching down almost to the lower border of the mandible, which is evidently enlarged for the purpose. Moreover, these roots are in sockets in the bone supported by stout buttresses which approach one another on each side of the chin.

Here, I take it, we find the raw material out of which our chins have been built. Man long ago lost his great canine teeth, and it has been said that no human jaw shows any evidence of his having possessed them; yet every human mandible still appears to retain the abundant bony tissue which was developed for their support.

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A survey of the functions of the inferior maxilla throughout the mammalia shows that it serves the purpose simply and solely of a holder of the lower teeth, and that any bony tissue that does not aid in this purpose is scarcely ever found. Now it is a curious and suggestive fact that the bony mass which formed the buttresses for the sockets of the lower canines of a pre-human existence has not degenerated since man lost these primitive weapons, but has rather become more developed. Here it is instructive to consider the case of the elephant, who possesses a kind of pseudo chin. When we study its evolutionary history we find that this bony prominence on the elephant's lower jaw is merely a degenerate scrap left behind by the huge projecting mandibles of the elephant's ancestors the Tetrabelodon and the Paleo-Mastodon. As soon as the projecting lower teeth of these ancient beasts went out of fashion the bony support rapidly shrank away, so that we find it in progressive stages of degeneration in the true mastodon and the modern elephant.

In man, on the contrary, the chin seems to project more and more as he progresses toward his modern civilized condition. This must imply that, immediately the huge lower canines degenerated, the part took on some other function of vital importance to the race, and that the need has increased with his intellectual and social advancement.

My theory, then, is that the chin is essentially a part of the mechanism of articulate speech.

It is tempting to theorize a little further and to suggest that the human chin perhaps bears testimony to a prehistoric change from carnal weapons to others, which, if not exactly spiritual, were such as appealed to the part of us where spiritual forces work; for apparently long ago before the pen proved mightier than the sword the tongue proved mightier than the teeth.

If one could only prove this one might show that, even before the Glacial Epoch, Parliamentary institutions (using the term in its widest sense) began to take the place of lethal weapons in settling disagreements; and that the substitution of Arbitration for War is not merely a doctrine of latter-day moralists, but is a part of the ordered march of Cosmic progress, as inevitable as the other evolutionary changes which have brought us up from among the brutes.

LOUIS ROBINSON.

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HAS THE GENTLEWOMAN PASSED?

BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER

In the July number of The North American Review Mr. Herman Scheffauer predicts the passing of the Gentlewoman, and he opens his case against her in this disturbing paragraph:

In the present phases of the eternal adjustment between the sexes there are many strange signs, portents, and tendencies. These have been given scant attention by the heated and disheveled Amazons who carry on the siege against intrenched masculinity. Nor has masculinity itself pondered much upon the possible social results of this sex rebellion.

Marshaling the whole array of significant foes against the traditional "lady," the broad and scholarly treatment of the theme moves on its given way toward an inevitable close, and finally the gathered forces present this formidable front:

Humanity equips itself with a new civilization and new values or reverts in circles to the old. In either case, the asexual woman may become the industrial worker, the sexual man the artist, the hunter, the warrior—true to his esthetic impulses, his errant soul, and lust for conquest. He may degenerate and become the human drone in the beehive of a matriarchy. He may so develop himself by eugenics as to become the superman—which, contrary to usual belief, does not necessarily imply a superwoman. A mind luminous with the prophetic irony of an Anatole France, and capable of piercing through the accretion of future ages, might behold in some such state, extravagant as it may now seem, one of the inevitable results of the sexual insurrection which subordinated feminine beauty and sexuality, created a sterile third sex, and sent the gentlewoman to her doom. In destroying the lady let us beware lest we fail to rescue the real woman from the ruins.

The attack is forceful, trenchant, persistent—but, is the victory won? *Cela dépend.* Mr. Scheffauer writes:

Medieval, in fact, were her origin and attributes. She was a plant whose roots struck deep down into the soil of time, down to that stratum in the geology of our civilization known as the age of chivalry. It was this

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epoch, compounded of a strange mixture of war and religion, of poetry and romanticism, which first raised woman from a mere nonentity to the position of a dominant spiritual mistress. About her trembled the pale and misty reflection of that light which gleamed from the forehead of the Madonna. Womankind in this aspect became semi-divine.

Can this position stand a charge, or sustain a siege? Was woman truly a "mere nonentity" before the age of chivalry? Let heroic shades and gentle ghosts arise from ancient history to answer the open challenge. Let Hatasu, Esther, Aspasia, Zenobia, Hypatia, Boadicea, Clothilde, Cornelia, Irene, Messalina (!) reply for themselves and for "all their kith and kin."

To the kindled imagination of historic man, the women well worth his while were of the stamp of Hecuba, of Andromache, of Brunehild, and of Sakoontala. Has not the feminine element in the human make-up been ever semi-divine to masculine comprehensions? Does it not still persist in the very heart of our very modern day? Does it not serenely face the most virulent front of the fiercest "Woman Anarch"? Are not Justice, and The State, and Poetry, and the Muses, the Arts, Religion, and Peace, yea, even Liberty Enlightening the World, still draped by "intrenched masculinity" in the flowing robes of feminism?

Was it only in medieval times that "love purged itself of its grosser elements and became a ritual of vigils, penances, etc."? Did not Jacob serve seven years for Rachel—and then seven more? Are the two Biblical Josephs not worthy of remembrance? Shall Pericles and Odenathus and Theodoric the Goth and Coriolanus and Socrates and Plato and Euripides, together with the surrounding "cloud of witnesses," all be for ever discredited and disdained?

But, let us find the gentlewoman of the later chivalric age and try to realize her worth. She was the "*Grande dame,*" "*La Belle dame sans merci,*" and she had her dulcet day; but now, let us grant it, she is dead—she is practically, finally, safely dead. *Requiescat in pace!* She lingered only a little while after her mischievous lord, the pompous Louis le Grand, and, let it be said aloud at last—may we never look upon their like again!

But these painted, powdered, puffed, and beruffled individuals were not real gentlefolk. La Vallière, Montespan, Maintenon, and all the rest, were not "ladies." Neither, in the later day, were Beau Brummel and Beau Nash "gen-

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tlemen." We all know about the asexual "lady-killer" (from Greek Paris to French "cadet"), and it might be said in passing that the ladies who were so easily slain richly deserved their fate. But Mr. Scheffauer himself says:

> The realm of the true lady is still splendid, still vast. She still exerts her far-reaching and tremendous influence from within over the structure of society. Her ideals are still those postulated by George Eliot, "high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits."

The vote here may easily be unanimous, but the context is debatable.

"The progress of her gradual effacement is something that can be read only on the dial of the generations." And again: "'What!' cry the 'broad-minded' folk, 'cannot a woman indulge in sport, in personal freedom? Cannot she do the things that men do and still remain a perfect lady?' To that ingenuous plea, mesdames, the answer must be a solemn negative."

May we call upon history once more? Charlotte Corday, Joan of Arc, The Maiden of Bregenz, Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, and the ever-revered grand army of brave and gentle Colonial Dames—have these no reply? Were none of them "ladies," even by courtesy? But, granting for the moment that "The perfect lady is a beautiful flower fostered and developed by laws rigid and unbreakable as those of the Medes and Persians," we are glad to note the immediate sentence passed upon her. "But the very concept of the lady was reared upon something false and unnatural. Her education as a girl, especially *in erotics*, was, as Nietzsche declared, monstrous."

In the evolution of human society there is no longer any room for monsters, ergo, *this* lady is indeed doomed to utter destruction; but the modern woman is persistently inquiring: "Why all this agitation? Why this continuous turning in a vicious circle? Is there no way out of lady-like incompetence except through 'disheveled Amazons'?" Mr. Scheffauer says:

> The decline of the gentlewoman is hailed with particular joy by those feminists who believe that the ideal relation of the sexes should be based upon comradeship. But the cult of comradeship has always been peculiarly male. It postulates bluntness, fair play, absolute honesty, great mutual tolerance and equality—elements usually excluded from the formal intercourse between lady and gentleman and even between man and woman.

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Let us appeal once more to reliable records. In the memoirs of the late Baroness von Suttner we read:

> During his lifetime, he whom I lost said to me many dear and beautiful words which are imprinted on my heart; but the loveliest are those which he spoke from beyond the grave in his last will. It reads: "And now, My Own, one single word to thee, Thanks! Thou hast made me happy; thou hast helped me to win from life its loveliest aspects. Not a second of discontent has ever come between us, and for this I thank thy great understanding, thy great heart, thy great love. Thou knowest that we realized within our hearts the duty of contributing our mite to the betterment of the world. Though I go home, for thee this duty is not extinguished. The happy recollection of thy companion must be a support to thee. Courage, then! No hesitation! In what we are trying to do we are at one, and therefore must thou try still to accomplish much."

Here is the feminist ideal realized in full; mutual love plus stimulating companionship. If it be objected that the wife led and the husband followed, let a few lines from Thomas Huxley's pen add testimony. This dominant scientist and virile, battling man wrote to John Fiske, saying of his own wife, "I tell her everything I know or guess or imagine, so as to get it straight in my own mind."

Were not Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett close mental comrades even at a time when their marriage seemed an impossibility? Were not the Hawthornes, the Tennysons, the Wallaces, the Stevensons, George Eliot and Lewes all tangible illustrations that although the *grande dame* and her artificialties, her petty deceits, and her subtle disintegrations, all must go, surely there may survive the unchangeable, the imperishable virtues and delights, not only of personal human loves, but of wholesome, constructive human sex-companionships?

Personal love is the great human asset. All our liabilities are "trifles light as air" as long as love persists. In her "Drama of Exile," as Lucifer approaches her Adam and Eve, Mrs. Browning makes the original Mother cry out: "Hold fast my right hand firmly, Adam; we have love to lose!"

Mr. Scheffauer writes:

> For the intellectual among these "rulers of kings" the tragedy of their triumphs lay in the fact that their power was accompanied by the knowledge of its source—that without physical beauty, sexual charm, or wealth their personality would have availed them little.

How did Cleopatra hold Marc Antony? Shakespeare's dictum ought to count: "Age cannot wither her nor cus-

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tom stale her infinite variety." Was it not the peerless "Ninon" who said: "It is not sufficient to be beautiful; we must also amuse"?

Let it not be forgotten that George Eliot and Mrs. Browning were very homely women. Let it be revived that Catharine II. wrote of herself "Together with the force and character of a man I combined the charm of a very beautiful woman." And let us not be unwise enough to discount that the great Empress also said: "In the first place I was a beautiful woman, in which case the road to temptation is already half traced; it is in the nature of human things that the other half should not remain untracked."

"Is it wise," the modern woman asks, "to base such tragic things as marriage and social security and parentage and progress upon such very fragile foundations as feminine physical beauty and feminine submissions and surrenders?" Surely it took something more stable than sense-attractions, something deeper than physical beauty, something stronger than emotional gratification, to grip the men and the women of the past and to hold them firmly to the grave, ceaseless terrestrial task—the preservation of the race and the progress of society. At the root of all religions, at the base of all philosophies, there lies imperishably the primal human motive, best named perhaps by Rudolf Eucken's "spiritual self-preservation"; and its chief menace has ever been "La femme." From Adam's "The woman tempted me and I did eat" to the Futurists' "Scorn woman!" the cry is ever the same; and all through classic literature there echoes the dreary wail:

> Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
> Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
> Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
> Die Lorelei gethan!

The mountainous, mournful pile of modern sex novels bears woeful witness to the ever-agitating theme, and it is small wonder that the Ellen Keys of to-day are vehemently denouncing what Mrs. Humphry Ward once named "the stale, old vices"; those demoralized, disintegrating dangers to mankind in the mass, and to womankind in particular. Is there no possible way out?

One path is cleared, but, to the average masculine view, it is a perilous road. Caroline Herschel, when she had

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turned eighty-two, wrote in her journal: "I never had a proposal of marriage, and never had anything said to me that I could possibly construe into one." She and her famous brother, like Renan and "Sister Henriette," worked toilfully all their days, and honorably won the plaudits of the world for their helpful, wholesome additions to the general public wealth.

Since monogamy has proven itself to be the best basis for developing civilizations, and the woman element is a surplus one to-day—not a deficit—should not the unmarried industrial worker be hailed as a help rather than frowned upon as a hindrance? And just here let us return, for a moment, to a fallacy that still valiantly holds its own in spite of countless defeats. Mr. Scheffauer says:

> Comradeship between the sexes is possible in its purest sense only when consciousness of sex is lost. . . . Modern civilization, it is true, seems bent on crushing and leveling the sex characteristics. This has already resulted in the evolution of a colorless hybrid of both sexes.

A cultivated man once said to an equally cultivated woman, "I like to discuss things with you because I can never even guess what you are going to say." Why? Is it not because sex *is* always present, to both men and women, with its ever-enriching possibilities that it alone offers its ceaseless, changing chances for comradeship and joy? Are there not many close sex-companionships in our daily living now? Companionships that "are worth life and worth death"? Does life not perennially refresh mankind with the loves of brother and sister, of father and daughter, of mother and son, of guardian and ward, of cousins, aunts, and uncles galore, and of elderly women and valiant young boys, or elderly men and gracious young girls? Almost all the splendid tendernesses of human family life have their origins in the heaven-sent boon of sex—sex that is psychological as well as physiological; sex that is the basis of our whole individual expression; sex that so stimulatingly offers the endless variety which is "the spice of life and gives it all its flavor." Must we indeed look across the mundane path and shamefacedly admit that 1914 has nothing better to present than "an evolution of a colorless hybrid of both sexes" as a promise for the future?

It still remains true that all too often certain friendships between men and women have failed and the friends have

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drifted into lovers; but sometimes success has been won, and it also remains true that comradeship between the sexes was fathered long ago, and it was an ancient Greek philosopher (not modern women) who argued first that a workable plan for association was what we call "Platonic love." Was it not also Lord Lytton who wrote, decades before the feminists were in the foreground, "We have pampered love to too great a preponderance over the other excitements of life"? Let it not be asserted too strongly that it is the women of to-day who are clamoring for a different basis of life than the dictum, "Man has sex, but woman is sex." From Buddha to Christ, from Homer to Browning, men have been overwhelmingly the teachers of our world, and all our modern ideals were well fathered before they found life. The modern woman is only "The seed of buried ancestors," and before we hold her responsible for opinions which might tend toward de-masculinizing one part of humanity, let us ponder upon these significant names: St. Augustine; St. Francis; Montaigne; Amiel; Ruskin; Emerson; Maeterlinck: Tolstoi; Lester Ward and Romain Rolland. Let us not forget the lovable bachelors of time, the virile, but tender, hearts that have helped the women of all centuries, both before and after that wonderful era when Roman domineering found itself face to face with the mysterious force of Christian gentleness and peace-compelling patience.

We cannot solve our present-day problems through sex antagonisms; we cannot harmonize differing theories through hasty criticisms. Is there not a better atmosphere in which all of us may thrive? Let us take counsel from Rabindranath Tagore: "Oh how I love this world that is lying so quietly. I feel like hugging it with all its trees and flowers and rivers and plains, noise and quiet, mornings and evenings. I often wonder if heaven itself could give us all the blessings we are enjoying in this world. How could heaven give us anything like this our treasure of such human beings in the making, so full of tenderness, weakness, and love"?

Shall we cry out and run to cover because our own particular day has bred some "disheveled Amazons," and "the boisterous, sprawling hockey-girl, large of limb and strident of voice, who yells and ramps madly across the fields, mænad-like"?

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"Mænad-like"—that is, only the latest survival of a type as old as time? It has flourished like the bay-tree in each succeeding age, and, when it had its full growth, it has been carefully cut down and quietly used for domestic fuel. Delilah, Jael, and Jezebel had their tumultuous time, but Ruth, Naomi, and the three Marys are safely nestled in the heart of the whole round world. The strident cries of the present hour are only echoes from the good old Nibelungenlied which blithely recalls for our edification "How the Queens Reviled Each Other." A much-perturbed mediæval father complained of St. Theresa, "She is not a woman; she is a bearded man," and a very modern writer has set down his decision upon a great metropolis in these terse lines: "In Paris to-day the men are the women and the women are the men."[1] *Voilà!*

Who does not know George Eliot's famous gibe in the mouth of her Mrs. Poyser? "Ah" (said Bartle), "the women are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself." "Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser, "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts o'errun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting 's tongue ready; and when he outs wi' his speech at last there's little broth to be made on 't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

Perhaps that is the most profound remark George Eliot ever made! In every age and in every clime the women of the land have simply "matched the men"! It was no light thought that came to call marriage "a match." If there is a Pericles anywhere there will surely be an Aspasia; when Rome bred an Antony, Egypt matched him with a Cleopatra; when the Western Goths raged in France, Brunehild and Fredegonde were as fierce as their grim lords.

But our Gentlewoman waits. A few years ago at a public luncheon an eminent physician introduced a modern woman to an audience of seven hundred people of both sexes. For more than an hour the speakers, masculine and feminine, had discussed in turn the delicate difficulties of the "ancient evil" in its most modern guise. The last to

[1] Whiting's *Paris of To-day*.

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speak was the woman introduced. She was not strikingly beautiful; she was no longer young; she was an ardent suffragist; she was a daily worker in the lowest slums; she had been in the courts of her city countless times to plead the cause of some male or female unfortunate; she had written books of a serious and most searching kind; she was unmarried, and she had stood on the platform of a modern political meeting and had seconded the nomination of the man of its choice as a Presidential candidate.

"Out in Chicago," said the distinguished chairman, "there is a house not built with hands. The builder of that house is here with us to-day; she is at this hour the foremost woman of the world." With one impulse, the assembly arose and, by hearty, spontaneous applause, accepted the definition and offered their ready homage to the modern woman at her best.

"The realm of the true lady is still splendid, still vast. She still exerts her far-reaching and tremendous influence over the structure of modern society. Her ideals are those postulated by George Eliot: high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits."

Has the Gentlewoman passed? Nay, she is not even passing. She is just beginning to be!

ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

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A MASTER OF PLAYWRIGHTS

BY LAFAYETTE McLAWS

To one familiar with the Harvard course in play-writing, the growth of the movement, the class methods of Professor George Pierce Baker, and the results, it seems almost like wasting good working-time to discuss whether or not the art of writing plays can be taught. The teachableness of the art of painting, of sculpture, nor of musical composition is questioned, and drama, like all these sister arts, has certain well-defined principles, certain prime essentials, which can be learned by any man or woman of average intelligence. Though what can be learned can be taught, not every student who becomes letter perfect in the technique of the art of painting becomes a great artist, nor does every class in sculpture produce a Saint-Gaudens or a Rodin, while great musical composers are few and far between. Why expect every class in play-writing to turn out a Shakespeare, a Molière, or an Augustus Thomas? Without the divine fire there can no more be a great dramatist than there can be a great artist, a great sculptor, or a great musical composer.

The first Harvard class in play-writing completed the course in June, 1908. When one remembers that "Art is hard, Art is long," 1908 doesn't seem so long ago. Yet since that time upward of thirty plays by Baker students have been produced on the professional stage. More than three-fourths of them were successful, more than one dozen "Broadway successes." It is doubtful if many teachers of the art of painting, of sculpture, or of musical composition could show a better record in teaching their art than Professor George Pierce Baker has in teaching play-writing.

When considering what has been accomplished in this course in play-writing, which in the Harvard bulletin is listed as English 47, or Technique of the Drama, two facts should be remembered. In the first place it is a limited

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course, and in the second all the plays which have, so far, been sent out from it have been produced without a laboratory, or anything in the shape of a practical theater in which to try them out.

The limitation begins with picking out from a long list of applicants those whose submitted work it is thought shows the greatest dramatic promise. It is an invariable rule that an applicant must submit an original play. The dozen women submitting the best plays are selected for the Radcliffe division of the class, and the dozen men for the Harvard.

Once admitted to the course, the student finds Professor Baker's methods surprisingly simple. At the first meeting of each new class he dwells at considerable length on the impossibility of becoming a dramatist unless one be endowed with dramatic instinct. Dramatic instinct he explains as the faculty which makes a person see the life about him in an endless series of dramatic pictures, each telling its own story of comedy or tragedy. Dramatic instinct is to the playwright what an ear for music is to the composer, what an eye for color and form is to the painter. Without the faculty of dramatic instinct all knowledge of the technique of the drama, so far as writing plays is concerned, is of no avail. He makes it unmistakably plain to all new students that he has admitted them to the course because the plays they submitted had convinced him that they possessed the desirable faculty.

He is equally as emphatic when stating that the art of play-writing cannot be learned in a short time and without hard work. On the contrary, it means much hard work and long and constant study. Not of books, but of life, supplemented by close and critical observations of plays on the stage. He urges the class to go to see plays: good plays and bad plays, but go to see plays they must. Though there are no text-books for the course, he announces that he will hold the class responsible for the contents of three books on the art of writing plays—by Professor Alfred Hennequin, by William Thompson Price, and, most recent of them all, by William Archer.

These points fully understood, he strikes a note on which the class will hear him pound to the end of the course—the importance of working with the public. If any student has entered the class expecting to find Harvard's Professor of

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Dramatic Literature a high-brow individual with his eyes fastened on some cold and distant star, ignoring the man in the box-office, he gets a shock. Instead he comes face to face with a man so sanely practical that one almost forgets he is teaching an art. He freely admits that he believes in publishing plays, but not until after they have been produced on the stage. The test of a play is a worthy production, the judges the public. He wants his class to write fresh, clean, well-made plays, because he is sure the public prefers that sort.

As a dramatic curtain to this first lecture he instructs the students to select and bring to the next session three short stories each. There is no limit of type or author. He wants them to select such short stories as they think they can dramatize. The result of this order is a pile of thirty-six short stories heaped on the table before his chair the next time he meets the class. In one particular class the same story was selected by four different students, but as a rule the stories are as various as the tastes of the men and women selecting them. Some are clipped from newspapers, some from magazines, others from bound volumes, and once in a great while one from the Bible.

Speaking across this pile of more or less dramatic material to the twelve women seated at the great red table about which the Radcliffe division of the class meets, Professor Baker explains about scenarios. To many of these would-be dramatists " scenario " is a new word. Others have a casual, usually a very casual, acquaintance with it. In the two classes with which I traveled through the course scenarios were unpopular. The sound of the word seemed to have a depressing effect on certain members of the class from the very first time it was mentioned. A few, very few, outgrew this aversion; with some it increased. The larger half of the dozen always believe that the writing of a scenario is a waste of valuable time, while some assert that it is impossible to make one until after the play is completed. Usually not until along in their second year will the very few agree with their teacher that a scenario is the quickest and surest way of showing up a poor plot.

After explaining just what a scenario is, how it should be made, and its value both to the play-writer and to the busy manager, Professor Baker reads several examples. At least one of these is a model, usually supplied by a graduate of

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the course, and of one of his successful plays. This year the scenario of "Kismet" served as the model of good scenario-writing. The other examples are for the purpose of making plain certain specific faults which the students are to guard against.

At the third meeting of a class thirty-six short stories are returned. All have been read and one of each trio selected is marked for dramatization. More examples of scenarios are read, and further instructions given as to what should be included in and what left out of a good scenario. It is just here that a new class begins to feel less self-satisfied. By this time its members realize not only that the man at the head of the great red table is strictly business, but that he intends that they shall either come up to the mark or—The alternative is not pleasant food for thought for mature students, for 47 is a graduate course, and men or women in their early twenties are not numerous. The present Radcliffe class ranges in age from twenty-two to nearly fifty. More than half are professional writers in various fields, one is a professional actress, several have had short plays produced, and at least two are known as authors and producers of pageants. The Harvard division is almost as varied, one man having worked for a considerable period with Mr. Gordon Craig, while two others have appeared successfully on the professional stage.

The class wakes up at its fourth session, for it is then that Professor Baker begins to read the scenarios made from the chosen short stories. After each one is read he asks for criticisms. A new class acts very like an untried pack with an experienced leader. Some shoulder for place nearest the leader, and try to discover which trail of criticism he will take before expressing their opinion. Others, made bold by the knowledge that they have not only heard two lectures on scenarios, but have read all that three leading dramatic writers have to say on the subject, come eagerly forward. After these eager ones have torn this first attempt at scenario-writing to shreds and tatters, for they almost never have a word of commendation, the unwilling ones are called on by name.

When the last of the dozen has been heard from, Professor Baker comes out of his shell of silence. Very quietly he goes over the work under discussion. If there is a grain of gold in it (and he usually finds at least one), he picks it out and

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explains its value. From this he turns to faults in the writing. If the student has retained the story method in developing the plot instead of the dramatic, he calls attention to it and explains the difference, with the reason why such a method, though best for the published story, is not suited for the stage. If the characterization is not distinct, he speaks of it; or if the incidents are arranged so as to produce an anti-climax, he dwells on the fact and asks the writer to think out an order which will gain a better effect. It is seldom, very seldom, that a first scenario does not have to be rewritten, some of them many times.

As soon as a scenario is up to the standard a student is told to go ahead and write the play. These first plays, dramatizations of short stories, are usually handed in just before the Christmas recess begins. Like the scenarios, most of them have to be rewritten several times before they are brought up to the standard. Next after this comes the call for scenarios for original one-act plays. To this the class usually responds promptly, for the majority of its members are eager to get to work on their own material. When these scenarios and the plays developed from them are read in class an observer notices the first definite division in the work. Usually there is one gleam, sometimes several, of what appears to be unusual dramatic talent—possibly from students whose work in dramatizing the selected short story was hardly up to the standard. Another whose dramatization has been well above the average, occasionally brilliant, may fall behind when it comes to building a plot of his own.

This short original work is either completed or well under way at the beginning of the second semester, when scenarios for full-length plays are required. Here what has appeared to be a gleam of unusual dramatic talent may disappear, sometimes without so much as a flicker, again it may become a steady beam, broadening and deepening as the work progresses. It is now easy to pick out the fortunate ones who will finish this first-year course with distinction and so be allowed to take the second year, or 47a.

This second year's work is conducted along the same general lines. From the original dozen it is seldom that more than fifty per cent. are admitted to this advanced class. To gain admission not only must a student have given unmistakable evidence of possessing the dramatic instinct, but he must have proved his industry, and his ability to build

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plots, or to so improve those of other people as to make it appear worth while for him to study to become a professional dramatizer. While the first year is largely a try-out, this second year is for professional workers only. If the student's talent appears to be limited to one-act plays, he is allowed to work toward perfecting himself in the technique of short plays; if, on the other hand, he has proved his capacity for building plots for full-length plays, he is taught the many things which good dramatists may not do. At the same time Professor Baker is careful to point out instances in which many of these "may-nots" have been violated and with good results, thus proving his statement that there are no fixed, unbreakable rules in the art of playwriting.

Always during this second year, sometimes earlier, the student has come to the knowledge that the difference between the criticism of the class and the man at the head of the great red table is that the first is destructive, while that of the latter is constructive. Here, in the writer's opinion, lies the secret of the unusual success of Harvard's Professor of Dramatic Literature in teaching the art of writing plays. He not only sees the faults in the dramatic material, but the grains of gold. These he is able to separate, and so clearly give his reasons that the writer is able to discard the dross and use the good material in such a manner as to get satisfactory dramatic results.

The growth of the dramatic movement at Harvard, which, because it forged the link connecting the Theater and the University as factors in modern civilization, is now attracting world-wide attention, is as natural and simple as Professor Baker's methods of teaching. This dramatic germ began the first stage of its development more than twenty years ago, when George Pierce Baker, a Harvard undergraduate, was told by Professor Barrett Wendell to write a thesis on the pre-Shakespearian dramatists. This subject was suggested because of the publication of a book on the subject which had caused considerable discussion in college circles.

The year following Undergraduate Baker's thesis, Professor Wendell gave a half-year course on the subject. A few years after Mr. Baker's graduation Professor Wendell turned this course over to him. Yet another few years and this course, as conducted by Instructor Baker, became a

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full-year course, advertised in the Harvard bulletin as English 14, the history of the English drama from its beginning to the closing of the theaters. Soon after this development students in English 14 began to ask to be allowed to hand in an original play instead of the required thesis. All such requests were sternly denied, first because the young instructor did not feel competent to judge such plays, and, second, because, English 14 being a history course, he felt bound to keep his students within that field.

As time wore on the demand for an extension of the history of the drama, bringing it down to the present day, became so insistent that Harvard established a second-year course, English 39. From the very beginning of 39, according to Professor Baker's own statement, the students begged to be allowed to write original plays instead of theses. These requests became so numerous and so persistent that it was finally decided to make a trial. A few students in the Radcliffe division were selected, and they were told to hand in original plays instead of the usual theses. This experiment proved so satisfactory that the following summer the Harvard bulletin announced for the first time English 47, or the Technique of the Drama.

As simple as this announcement now seems, at the time it created a sensation in college and theatrical worlds. In both circles it was asserted that play-writing could not be taught. Playwrights, like poets, were born, not made. In academic circles Professor Baker was referred to as a "sensationalist," and disapproval was freely expressed of the innovation at Harvard. Theatrical folk, actors, managers, and play-writers all ridiculed the idea, made merry jests about "that high-brow professor at Harvard who is trying to teach college boys and girls how to write plays."

This had been going on for something more than a year when the interest of the general public was aroused by Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske's appearance in "Salvation Nell." This was an instance in which the public and the critics agreed about the merits of a play. The critics gave it good reviews and the public flocked to see it. When it became known that the author, Edward Sheldon, was a young man, less than twenty-five, and a graduate of Professor Baker's first Harvard class in English 47, 1908, the theatrical and academic worlds as well as the general public began to take notice.

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Mr. John Craig came forward with an offer of a prize of five hundred dollars in cash and a week's professional production at the Castle Square Theater, Boston, for the best play produced by Baker students. In New York the late Mr. Henry B. Harris offered to be one of five to give ten thousand dollars each to endow a chair of dramatic composition in an American university. The academic world was sufficiently aroused for four Western colleges to offer courses in the history and the technique of the drama.

The next season this interest was increased by Mr. Sheldon's "The Boss" and " The Nigger," both Broadway successes. Then it became known that " The Faun," being produced at the same time down at Daly's Theater, by Mr. William Faversham, was by Mr. Edward Knobloch, who had taken the two courses in the history of the drama under Harvard's Professor in Dramatic Literature. " The Scarecrow " and " Mater " were both being produced at theaters farther up-town, and it became known that Mr. Percy MacKaye also was a Baker student. And Josephine Preston Peabody, whose " The Piper " was having a good run at the New Theater after winning the Shakespeare prize in England, acknowledged herself as a Baker student in the Radcliffe division of English 14 and 39.

That same season, over in Boston, the John Craig Harvard-Radcliffe Prize was awarded to Miss Florence Lincoln for " The End of the Bridge." This play, instead of running one week at the Castle Square Theater, created so much interest that Mr. Craig was forced to cancel several contracts and continue it for nine full weeks, two performances each day. It broke the record at the Castle Square Theater for long and profitable runs. According to Mr. Craig's statement he not only got the prize-money back, but had a profitable production for himself and company, with a snug sum in royalty for the author.

Up to the present time the John Craig Harvard-Radcliffe Prize has been awarded three times. Though the second prize-winner ran only five weeks, it earned a fair profit for both the producer and the author. The third winning play was " Believe Me, Xantippe!" which ran a month longer at the Castle Square Theater than " The End of the Bridge "; it was then taken to New York, where it not only had a successful run, but introduced a new comedy star, Miss Mary Young, to Broadway.

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Since that season when the general public discovered Professor Baker by way of Mr. Sheldon's "Salvation Nell," other Harvard playwrights have come to the front with successful plays. Mr. Jules Erkert Goodman's first notable success was "Mother," Mr. Allan Davis scored a hit with "The Iron Door" and "A House Divided." Mr. Sheldon has added "Princess Zimzim," "The High Road," and "Romance"; Mr. Percy MacKaye "A Thousand Years Ago"; and Mr. Knobloch "Kismet" and a half-interest in "Milestones." Besides these there have been several long plays that have enjoyed good runs on the road and in the smaller cities, with more than a half-score of one-act plays that have been notably successful in vaudeville houses. Several of these little plays have been prize-winners.

With such results obtained without a laboratory, a trial theater of any sort, with nothing to guide the students but the judgment of one man, and he a college professor, not a theatrical manager or critic, it is not to be wondered at that the college and theatrical worlds are beginning to weaken in their conviction that play-writing cannot be taught. To-day there are a score of colleges, great and small, in this country advertising courses on the history and technique of the drama. At two of these institutions theaters to try out the plays written by students are now being equipped. Producing managers, great and small, though not entirely cured of their prejudice against the college-trained playwrights, are willing to give their work a careful reading. Some of them, notably Mr. David Belasco, have announced through the press not only that play-writing can be taught, but, like the arts, painting, sculpture, and musical composition, it can only be mastered by hard and constant study.

LAFAYETTE MCLAWS.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

In his earlier book on *Human Nature in Politics* Mr. Graham Wallas complained that the student of politics today spends his time in analyzing human institutions and neglects the analysis of man. He thereupon proceeded with great social-evolutionary zeal to analyze not only man, but the lower animals. He said he himself had entered politics by way of biology and psychology, passing thence directly into Parliament and the London County Council for laboratory work. His point of view was refreshing; much that he said was suggestive; and the signs are plentiful that the book has had a considerable influence on current political thought. But he became so enthusiastic as he went about botanizing and biologizing among the minds of politicians that he often lost himself in the contemplation of what seemed to me rather unfruitful analogies, as, for example, between business men and kittens or Royal Commissioners and earthworms. The bare fact that a politician reminded him of some prehistoric saurian was gratification enough, and he never wearied of pointing out the antiquity of our "instinctive nature."

The scarlet paint and wolf-skin head-dress of a warrior, or the dragon-mask of a medicine-man, appeal, like the smile of a modern candidate, to our instinctive nature.

And whenever he heard a member of Parliament laugh he would console himself with the thought that that apparently meaningless muscular agitation

may have been evolved because an animal which suffered a slight spasm in the presence of the unexpected was more likely to be on its guard against its enemies, or it may have been the merely accidental result of some fact in our nervous organization which was otherwise useful.

[1] *The Great Society.* By Graham Wallas. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

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No small part of this earlier volume was devoted to proving that political opinions were for the most part formed irrationally. Now it does not require any profound study of biological, of psychological text-books to convince us that that is true. A moderate degree of self-analysis or of penetration into the minds of our impassioned political opponents in a debate will suffice. Almost every one who stops to think will realize that a human being does not, as a rule, in an intellectual sense form his own political opinion. His political opinion is formed upon him—comes out on him like a wart. Yet so earnestly did Mr. Wallas contend in *Human Nature in Politics* that we were creatures of habit and environment in this matter—that we were irrational, instinctive, inert—that he almost convinced his readers that they had previously thought otherwise, for it seemed as if he could not be taking all that trouble to eradicate an opinion unless it really were somewhere in our heads.

It is not from reason, he pleaded earnestly, that we jump back from a falling object, or dodge a cab, or dream "we are walking along the Brighton Parade in a nightshirt," or forget the cause of association of ideas and say "Simpson is a drunkard" merely because "some one told us that Simpson had a cousin who invented a cure for drunkenness." And he piled instance on instance, ranging all the way from caterpillars to political oratory. Yet when we came to think of it there was very little that we should not have gladly admitted at the outset without argument. It was the author's candor, lucidity, and novel method of approaching the subject that carried us along.

These same qualities will be found in *The Great Society*, along with more definiteness of aim and more substance. It is a plea for social psychology as the basis of social theory, for the application of science to the study of human nature in mass. By the "great society" he means simply the complex, urban, industrialized society of to-day wherein "cities and districts are only parts of highly organized national states" which in turn are involved in a general system of international relationships. Social psychology must discover and arrange

> the knowledge which will enable us to forecast, and therefore to influence, the conduct of large numbers of human beings organized in societies.

It must not be deterred from this enormous task either by the "contempt of the experimentalist," on the one hand,

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or by those who fear any "intrusion of cause and effect into regions hitherto assigned to the free activity of human or superhuman will," on the other. As we read in the opening chapters of what social psychology must do, it seems as if it might be ready for application in about two thousand years. That, however, is not an objection. On the contrary, a job of this probable duration cannot be begun too soon. And, after all, to the Lord and Mr. H. G. Wells, and the eugenist, and the social evolutionist, a thousand years is as one day.

In the presence of mere stupid social inequality we feel comparatively hopeful. We can contrive schemes for dealing with the row of broken men waiting for the casual ward to open, or the dull, fat women who pass in their uselessly efficient motor-cars. But all our schemes involve an increase in the number of clerks and mechanics and teachers with no essential change in their way of life. . . .

Each generation, except in so far as we create by selective breeding a somewhat better, or by the sterility of the finer individuals a somewhat worse human type, will start, we are told in essentials, not where their fathers left off, but where their fathers began.

And we find ourselves sometimes doubting, not only as to the future happiness of individuals in the Great Society, but as to the permanence of the Great Society itself. Why should we expect a social organization to endure which has been formed in a moment of time by human beings whose bodies and minds are the result of age-long selection under far different conditions?

There is no longer the old faith in "manifest destiny," or "the tide of progress," or an unguided "evolution of social institutions." It is necessary to reconsider the basis of modern society as a whole if it is to be controlled, but such a consideration runs counter to the intellectual habits of the present generation who have been brought up as specialists.

Neither the sectional observations of the special student, nor the ever-accumulating records of the past, nor the narrow experience of the practical man can suffice us. We must let our minds play freely over all the conditions of life till we can either justify our civilization or change it.

Psychology has for many years been applying new methods to the examination of the human mind, but though many books on social subjects rest on assumptions essentially psychological, and though political discussion is constantly appealing to the "laws of human nature," the influence of the new psychological knowledge on sociological

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and political writers has been surprisingly slight. The present volume, therefore,

> is written with the practical purpose of bringing the knowledge which has been accumulated by psychologists into touch with the actual problems of present civilized life.

Then follows some excellent criticism of the social philosophers for their over-simplification of human nature —of the conservatives or "habit-philosophers" as represented by Sir Henry Maine, the "pain-pleasure" dogmatists as represented by Bentham, the followers of Hobbes with their doctrine of "fear," the Comtists with their doctrine of "love," and the "crowd-philosophers" of the present day.

He attacks the "mechanical assumption" of the crowd-psychologists that social actions are explained by imitation or sympathy or suggestion or any other single disposition or instinct. The late William James wrote in 1908, "I myself see things *à la* Tarde, perhaps too exclusively," and in his *Principles of Psychology* he had previously declared that "man is essentially *the* imitative animal" and that "the whole history of civilization" depends on this trait. By the public at large the "laws" of Tarde and Le Bon have an authority like that of economic "laws" in the heyday of the Manchester School. But, says Mr. Wallas, the leading psychologists during the last five or six years have denied the "very existence of such an instinct of imitation." He concludes that

> The whole subject-matter, indeed, of the "Psychology of the Crowd" requires restatement and re-examination. We must first get rid of the verbal ambiguities which are due merely to the employment of collective terms. Nothing is more annoying or useless than the constant implication in books and articles about "Crowds" and "Groups" that such a statement as "Crowds display a singularly inferior mentality" means anything different from the statement than that individual human beings when brought into close relations to numerous other individual human beings display such a mentality. . . . The inhabitants of a modern State, whether they are officials or journalists or working-men, are indeed ignorant of much which it would be well for them to know, and unmoved by much which it would be well for them to feel. That they are so is due not to the fact that "individually" they are thoughtful and temperate, and "collectively" blind and ferocious, but to the fact that they are human beings whose intellectual and emotional nature was evolved in contact with the restricted environment of the primitive world, and who have not yet learned, if ever they will learn, either to educate in each generation their faculties to fit their environment or to change their environment so as to fit their faculties.

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In writing of peace and war he escapes the dogmatism and mental confusion that we usually find in such discussions, and what he says is of especial interest at the present crisis when we are all violently taking sides between the nations. It is a curious thing, this matter of national types, and it is probable that we should believe in them even if after the widest possible experience we found nothing like them among men. And what are their constituents? Hearsay, for the most part, a vague tradition, a habit of speech, a cartoon or two, the scoldings of some literary prophet, the report of an observer whose mind was previously made up. We would not hang a dog on the evidence on which we judge some eighty millions of people. And among persons with strong literary motives you never can tell what basis they have for their "types." Often a "type" is a mixture of a few personal acquaintances—perhaps only one man, a friend or an enemy—or somebody the writer has found in a book. The literary man and journalist are born multipliers, and it is easy for them to characterize a whole country because their imagination very quickly peoples it. In what Matthew Arnold wrote of England, how much there is of Matthew Arnold and how little of England. A man is to be pardoned if in his second thoughts on this subject he is somewhat skeptical.

Mr. Wallas, though not profound, appeals agreeably in these second thoughts. He reminds us that nations cannot be personified, that a nation does not "will" or "desire" an action by the same process that an individual does. When we say "Russia intends to make war on Austria," we are apt to think of a giant Russian making up his mind, or an enormous number of Russians bending to the purpose, when perhaps a dozen statesmen have decided on taking the aggressive.

> If a general war should break out in Europe, the action of each nation in the proceedings leading to war would probably be due to the rather highly organized Wills of its politically important members, but the outbreak itself might (owing to the absence of a European Will-Organization) be undesired by any nation.

As to the present war, by the way, the book, though written long before, plainly foretells it, blaming the journalists and politicians who "contemplate with criminal levity" the danger of war "between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente."

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He compares the biological argument that war is necessary for the improvement of the race with Lamb's Chinaman who burned his house down to roast his pig, but to the advantage of the latter, for the Chinaman did at least get the pig roasted, "whereas a thirty years' war between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente waged for the purpose of improving the European type would leave that type worse and not better." Shrapnel fired from a hill is an undiscriminating eugenic device. Nor is there any reason to believe that after a war the conquerors breed faster than the conquered.

> A decisive victory in southeastern Europe of the Germans and Magyars over the Slavs would not mean that a hundred years hence there would be more Germans alive and fewer Slavs than if the war had not taken place. It only means that the Slavs would be less free and less self-respecting.

He thinks there is more force in the argument that permanent peace, though psychologically possible, is inconsistent with a good life because it would leave the warlike dispositions unstimulated. The man who never fights is, he says, "restless, unreliable, and probably unhappy," but it does not follow that war is the only "nervous tonic" for him. He urges the necessity of inventing some less costly one than the elaborate modern machinery of destruction. Hatred has a survival value, but hatred requires "for its full stimulation a vivid realization of its object." This is not easy to supply under conditions of modern warfare. He quotes a British officer in the Indian service: "I was right through the Afridi war, but I never saw a dead Afridi." He goes on to say:

> As I now write, all good Europeans are watching the controversy about Servia's window on the Adriatic, with the same feeling of helpless apprehension with which a man lying bound in a hay-barn might watch a child in the opposite corner playing with matches. If war takes place we shall certainly make some entity to hate, but for the moment the cry that "the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy shall not have Durazzo" leaves even the Music Halls cold and puzzled. We should get more satisfaction per thousand of violent deaths out of a war between Manchester and Liverpool.

F. M. Colby.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By JAMES MAVOR, PH.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1914.

Professor Mavor's truly monumental work supplies English-speaking readers with an orderly and analytical view of the development of the Russian people from the earliest times down to the present. Considering the length of the period that has to be traversed as well as the variety and complexity of the factors that must be taken into account, the author's treatment is remarkably concise: not a page of the two bulky volumes composing *An Economic History of Russia* is cluttered with superabundant detail, but each helps to outline a period or a movement by means of essentail facts without any attempt to crowd these into theoretic unity.

Serfdom is, of course, the central factor of Russian history. Its rise and fall and its interaction with other social and economic forces are in a large degree explicable and at the same time explanatory of the successive phases of Russian national evolution. Indeed, in Professor Mavor's scholarly discussion the successive stages seem to follow one another with a sort of inevitableness. Nevertheless, the work has to be scientific rather than philosophical, descriptive rather than logical. Back of political and economic conditions there lie unexplained and perhaps unexplainable facts of human nature and of racial psychology. Viewed as a whole, the course of Russian history seems strange to Western eyes, even when all the determinable facts have received the fullest consideration.

It is remarkable that the earliest chief occupation of the nuclear group out of which the Russian people developed was not agriculture, but trade. Driven from their abodes on the northern slopes of the Carpathian Mountains by the invasion of the Avars in the seventh century, the dispersed Slavs occupied the valley of the Dnieper and its tributaries. Here they were situated upon one of the main arteries of trade, and up to the tenth century trade was so profitable that the Russians troubled themselves little about agriculture. Thus "the earliest types of Russian economic life were the hunter, the beekeeper, and the trader." Barbaric as the people then were, they engaged in raids upon the Eastern Empire and upon neighboring tribes, which resulted in an accumulation of slaves, and of these the surplus was regularly sold. Slavery thus makes an early appearance in the story, and not as a traditional institution mitigated by kindly custom, but in the form of an active slave *trade*. In addition, the Slavs themselves were subjected to constant pressure from neighboring races, and the *Variagi* (Swedes, Norwegians, Goths, and Angles) whom they employed as mercenaries became their masters, setting up their own leaders as princes, so that in the tenth and eleventh centuries a majority of the princely families were

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of Variagan origin, although princes of native Slavic race were not unknown. On the whole, the early experience of the race would not seem to have been favorable to the growth of anything like national consciousness or a high conception of "human dignity." Slavery became the foundation of Russian society and it is significant that, in Professor Mavor's view, it was the accumulation of slaves in the urban house-yards which led in the tenth century to the employment of some of them in the exploitation of the land. Thus agriculture and estate possession developed, and thus grew up the doctrine: "This land is mine because the people who cultivate it are mine."

It is noteworthy, however, that the complete subjection of the peasants to the landowners was the result of an extremely slow process. It seems, indeed, as though progress in this direction had been unconsciously retarded, if not consciously resisted, by a sort of *laissez faire* tendency. In the thirteenth century the Slavs were once more driven from their homes—this time by the all-conquering Tartars. The region to which they retired was that of the Upper Volga, and here, of course, agriculture became the mainstay. Land took on a new importance, and at the same time occurred a breaking up of the old existence. Communities were isolated and social life had to begin all over again. There followed the so-called "period of the appanage princes"—a period in which hereditary tribal rights and the ownership of land were related to each other in a loose and somewhat curious way. The appanage system differed sharply from the feudal system, being, it seems, a more embryonic form of society. The appanage prince possessed an hereditary estate, but his right to rule was independent of his ownership of land. On the other hand, the landless prince tended to become powerless, and thus was forced into the service of some more powerful ruler. Within the prince's domain there existed a class of privileged landowners—*boyars*—whose estates were hereditary. These *boyars* served individual princes, administering their affairs and collecting their taxes, but it is significant that the *boyar* might leave his estate and serve a prince other than the one in whose domain his lands were situated without forfeiting his title to them. Subjection to the princes was thus, in theory, voluntary, while ownership of land created a privileged class with somewhat ill-defined powers. With the privilege of the *boyar* may be compared the peasant's "right of going away"—a right maintained up to a date when it had become the purest legal fiction. The peasant might always go away—*provided* he discharged his debts and numerous technical obligations owed to the landowner. In all this one seems to discern that in Russia from the earliest times "freedom" tended to become a technical term. Liberty was not a principle, but rather an accident of legal or economic status. Thus the distinction between free and unfree was prone to become blurred like the distinction between men of much and of little wealth. Almost every conceivable status was recognized, and a social system grew up that was at once complex and loose. In its complexity and elasticity there was no real safeguard for the individual, nor any real germ of national efficiency. Serfdom—slavery—the Russian state appears always to have been really at the mercy of these forces. Opposed to them was merely what seems a sort of good-natured unwillingness to interfere with the individual more than economic conditions and the necessities of tax-gathering required. Among the peasant classes, a communal way of thinking and acting, inherited perhaps from the early tribal life, helped

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toward serfdom. Nothing, in fact, operated more powerfully to bind the peasant to the land than the system of paying taxes by "mutual guarantee." If the peasant went away, those who were left became responsible for his as well as their own taxes. The *Mir*, or village community, thus became an instrument of oppression rather than a school of self-government. Nor was there, to correct these tendencies, any strong leadership or any clear thinking about government or individual rights; there were merely disorganized customs and quarrelsome princes.

Unity was forced upon the people by external pressure. During the third period of Russian history, the appanage princedoms became united under the Moscow princes, and the people were spread over the Russian plain. The need of resisting the Tartars caused the compacting of the national group, and at the same time lands were granted to "serving people" in return for military service. Estates so granted were not heritable, nor did the possession of heritable lands necessarily imply service. Yet in time both forms of landownership became altered in character; hereditary estates became no longer fully heritable and estates originally granted as wages for service became conditionally heritable. Thus the ideas of landownership and of service became more and more nearly identified. The general effect of all the changes that went on at this period was to bind the landowner closer to the government and the peasant closer to the landowner by contractual relations of many and various kinds. The result was that a system of government elementary in theory and cumbersome in practice became fixed upon the Russian people. As time went on the growth of vested interests, the territorial extention of the nation, the increase of the population, the diversity of racial groups, the sheer difficulty of governing at all, obviously made it increasingly difficult to "change all that."

In the fourth period of Russian history—from the beginning of the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth centuries—the "dislocation" of Russian society becomes more and more apparent. The decay of the old *boyar* class and the increasing reliance of the government upon the newly arising class of *dvoryanstvo*, formed out of the metropolitan and provincial "serving people," was accompanied by a more definite stratification of the social mass. Such a condition reacted upon both people and State. "The State has assumed control of everything, and is therefore held responsible for everything. The burden of life which falls upon it thus tends to become intolerable and the deficiencies of government tend to become intolerable also." In attempting to superimpose Western methods and ideas upon the social system which had grown up, Peter the Great undertook a titanic, an almost impossible task. His reforms tended to arrive at a dead center, or to travel in vicious circles. For example, by means of the army which he built up and used for tax collecting, he merely "organized one set of free vagabonds to produce another set out of the settled peasant groups." Military service, too, was more restrictive of liberty than were some of the limited forms of slavery, and the imposition by Peter of the poll-tax fused all bondmen into one class. "Inscription upon the tax list was no longer the criterion of freedom; it became, indeed, a sign of servitude." Moreover, Peter's industrial policy, his determination that every one should work at some trade or business, led to the practical enslavement of the workers in the factories. Peter, in effect, attempted to accomplish the Westernization of Russia while still keeping

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the people in bondage. In so doing he more sharply defined the contours of each class and imposed upon each "a heavier and more complicated burden of obligations." During the period of reaction that followed, the nobility was relieved of the obligation of compulsory service, while they retained bondage right. The bonded man or woman was, as it were, leased to the nobleman for the payment of a poll-tax, with the result that the rights of the peasant and the obligation of the landowner to both peasant and State practically ceased to be.

The facts of earlier Russian history as discussed by Professor Mavor form in themselves an explanation of the development of the nation into its more modern form, and furnish a background for the understanding of later tendencies and problems. Particularly in his second volume, the author, with political as well as economic insight and with no little power of psychological interpretation, describes the fall of bondage, the conditions which resulted from emancipation, the trend of political thought as expressed in revolutionary and social-Democratic movements, the position of the *Intelligentsia*—all the phases, in fact, of modern Russian life, so curiously determined and colored by the past. The student of economics and of world history will find in Professor Mavor's study of the important but little-understood history of Russia what has long been needed—a comprehensive and authoritative work upon this subject. The author makes use of the profound researches of modern Russian scholars, and in doing so manifests unmistakable scholarship and critical ability.

ROMAN IMPERIALISM. By TENNEY FRANK. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

The view of Roman imperialism most commonly upheld, or rather taken for granted, is no doubt more open to criticism on the ground of superficiality than those who are absorbed in the details and particular problems of Roman history are prone to realize. Our ideas of the process by which Rome's empire was built up are almost inevitably colored by our knowledge of later European history and of modern European conditions. We instinctively take as fundamental axioms such motives as land-hunger, commercial rivalry, or that ambition for empire-building which is in part an inheritance from the Roman Empire itself. Upon the Romans, however, economic conditions did not bear hard; commerce for a long period was among them a factor of little importance; no awe-inspiring tradition of empire had come down to them from the past, nor were they interested in the propagation of a religion laying claim to world-wide recognition. Then, too, there has been the parallel tendency to identify the methods and ideals of republican Rome with those of Asiatic monarchies, which differed widely from the Roman State in that they were artificial groupings of many diverse peoples held together by the force of mercenary armies, and dependent upon conquest and tribute for their very existence. The more one considers the case in outline, the more evident becomes the need of a revision of *a priori* views and of a fresh examination of the facts. The early Romans were, for the most part, conservative farmers, living under a republican form of government; the *mos maiorum* did not recognize the right of aggression or the desire for more territory as just occasions for war. Moreover, to the Roman State, constituted as it was, victories meant fresh problems of administration rather than increase of

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wealth. The ideal of the early State would seem to have been, not aggrandisement through conquest, but peace with justice; and considering the complexity of inter-State relations in ancient times, we ought not to be surprised at the number of wars Rome waged, but rather at her success in maintaining peaceful relations with her neighbors. Moreover, in the conventional view lurks something of the fallacy inherent in the older system of political economy—the assumption that men in the long run always act in conformity to a more or less intelligent conception of their material interests.

Professor Frank's approach to the subject—his willingness to reckon in all sorts of causes without prejudice, aiming rather at a versatile interpretation of facts than at the establishment of a single dominant tendency—is eminently persuasive. His retelling of Roman history from its dawn to the founding of the world-empire possesses the intelligibility, the variety, and the occasional suggestion of fortuity, which a story of human evolution and achievement ought to have. As told by him, the tale of Rome's empire-building becomes at once "scientific" and humanly interesting, because it is, so to speak, "true to life." His interpretation is elastic enough to admit the elements of uncertainty and of personality—scientific enough to form a real nexus of cause and effect. What may, perhaps, be called "pseudo-causality"—the linking of events and periods by connections neither of cause and effect nor of resemblance or contrast, but by what is really little more than a sort of narrative tissue—this mode of implying more connection than really exists, which seems to the layman a vice of most historians, is rather notably absent from Professor Frank's work.

Roman expansion, the author finds to have been a "groping, stumbling, accidental" process, and he would have us, if we hope to understand it, "rid ourselves of anachronistic generalizations, and look instead for the specific accidents that led the nation unwittingly from one contest to another until, to her own surprise, Rome was mistress of the Mediterranean world." This general view is maintained by a careful analysis of economic facts and political motives—an analysis conducted with something of that *flair* which comes of a thorough and humanly interested reading of ancient political literature, and also with a quite adequate critical detachment. The policy of the Senate one sees was, throughout the whole history of republican Rome, singularly conservative, while the disposition to exploit conquered territory was from a modern point of view curiously weak. Again, the Second Punic War is viewed as by no means an irrepressible conflict between two nations that could brook no rivalry. "The cause of the war was neither desire for world conquest upon the part of either power, nor a dispute over predominant influence in Spain." International relations as now understood did not then exist; the term "sphere of influence" would have had no meaning for a Roman, and there were times, doubtless, when the Senate would have been glad to hear that the whole peninsula of Spain had been sunk beneath the sea. The nations, then, "came to blows because the Barcid family—whose war policy had met with defeat in 242 and 238 B. C., were able to keep alive the bitter feelings aroused by former defeats and to discover a situation at the right moment whereby they could force their government to support a raid of vengeance on Italy." After the close of the war the force of sentimental philhellenism swept the Romans farther afield in international politics, so that even at the cost of straining the sacred *ius fetiale* they joined the Hellenic concert of powers. And when

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the wars with Philip and Antiochus were over, Rome neither adopted the Oriental theory of conquest, nor even, in accordance with her own ancient methods, extended her federation. On the contrary, her associates in the war remained simply *amici* as before, while her defeated enemies were added to the list of "friends." In great and little affairs the lack of anything like a modern imperialist policy is in general manifest throughout the narrative. Pompey, it appears, was the first genuine imperialist, and Cæsar was the first *candid* one. Such are some of the main contentions in a work that both rationalizes and enlivens with intellectual interest the period of which it treats.

MY LOVE AND I. By ALICE BROWN. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

To attempt a destructive analysis of Alice Brown's new story would be both unjust and futile, because the story has a quality of its own that makes it notably worth while. It is true that throughout its earlier chapters the tale, despite its evident earnestness and the perfect appropriateness of its literary dress, seems to partake in some degree of the weakness of conventional romance—the weakness of being written *up* and thought *down*—decorated, that is, to romantic taste, and simplified to romantic standards. We feel, at first, not as if we were going to be vitally interested, but rather as if our interest were being enmeshed and bound up in strands of silk and gold. But that doesn't really matter, because the story turns out to have life of an unusually intense sort.

Martin Redfield was a country boy with a desperate longing for the places where the strange roads go down. After his father's death he stayed on the old farm to care for his mother, and his craving for travel, for human nature, and for books had to go unsatisfied. But when his mother died he went to seek his fortune in the wide world. He endured much, we gather, yet remained singularly boyish. There seems to be no particular reason why he should have gone to Trinidad, but he did, and there he worked in a hotel stable until he was taken charge of by that paragon of English gentlemen, Egerton Sims, who made the boy his private secretary and pupil and friend, and would have made him his heir if he hadn't died prematurely of heart disease. Left friendless again, Martin went to Boston to study and look for literary work, and here he fell in with a semi-bohemian group of literary good-fellows. Most of these merely help, acceptably enough, to fill in the background. They are quaintly decorative—that is all—and when we meet them we do not feel that we are really crossing the boundary between the author's imaginary world and the real world. Perhaps we wouldn't even take much stock in Blake, the poet of the group, if it wasn't for the devoted Mary Owen. But Mary is splendid, and, after all, Blake is a real poet: as to his poetry, he is magnificently alive, and he doesn't merely rant or affect superfine standards. Yes—there is a peculiarly intense life in him; he deserves Mary's mothering because he is a genius. And the other important persons of the story, are—all of them—*at the critical stages*, more really alive than most of us in our rather humdrum, unmoral lives ever are. Martin asked Mary to marry him, because every one else in the group had done so, and also because he was really very fond of her; but of course she wouldn't have him because she was in love

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with Blake, who *wasn't* in love with her. A little later Martin went, with the rest, to live in the country for a while, and there he met the girl whom the other fellows worshiped under the fanciful title of "the Ivory May." Mildred Lee was one of those physically perfect creatures whose every romantic implication of face and mien is a downright lie. One would have supposed that she was martyring herself in the service of that mean-spirited old invalid Mary Harpinger, whose paid companion she was. But on the contrary! Martin couldn't be expected to know that Mildred was cold and calculating, and Mildred couldn't be expected to know that he didn't know it. So they were married—and, after all, Mary Harpinger didn't leave Mildred a fortune, not a cent even.

But at this point the story begins to take on an unexpected strength and sweetness. The fictionally commonplace situation is handled with a singular and refreshing simplicity and depth—not "dramatically" or "emotionally," but feelingly, if by feeling may be meant the intensification of the whole nature, and not merely one of the conventional emotions or the habit of giving way to moods. And it is rather wonderful to find the "other woman" in the case altogether different from what dramatic usage usually decrees that the other woman shall be. She isn't merely a foil to Mildred—as warm as Mildred is cold, as generous as Mildred is calculating; she is an individual; and—perhaps this is the secret of her—she powerfully and attractively suggests the sort of woman every woman knows a man ought to fall in love with rather than a man's ideal of the sort of woman it would be comfortable or exciting to fall in love with. It would be an easy criticism to make upon Miss Brown's story that its interpretation of character is highly feminine, but this criticism should be turned into a praise. *My Love and I* is, in fact, pervaded by a sort of fine maternalism, very cleansing to the spiritual eyes; and this is not a rampant thing, but an element as favorable to sympathy and as bracing in its effect as ever is the "virility" of the typical man-made romance. And through it all one gets the reaction of that supermundane pluck which makes life seem well worth living even to those who have given up pretending that it's all very nice.

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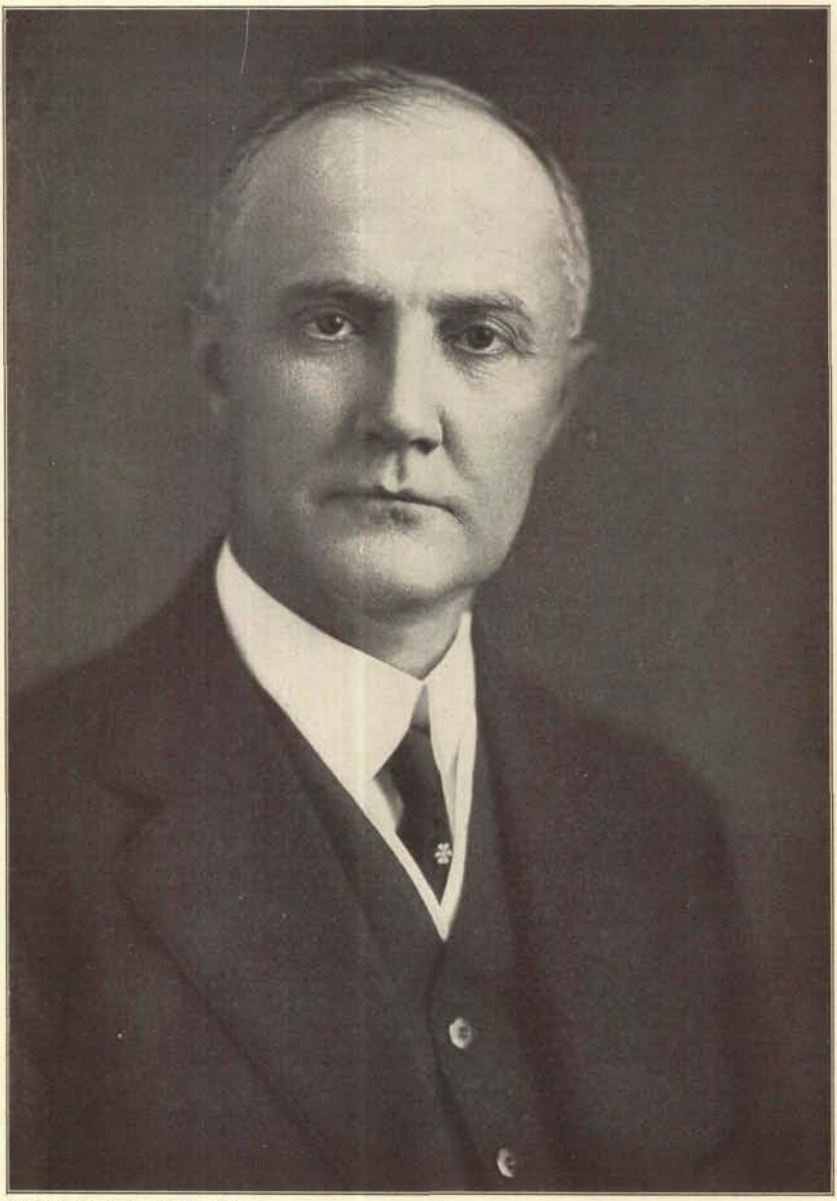

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